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WILLIAM H. RUSSELL, LL.D.

THE "TIMES" CORRESPONDENT.

While vouching for the fidelity of the annexed likeness, we regret to be unable to furnish our readers with more than a rough outline of this distinguished gentleman's career. And yet, while it is always instructive to trace the origin of an author, and his path from the school-house to distinction, we think it may be said of Dr. Russell that, as the motions of the satellite are regulated and computed by the orbit of the planet, so may his track be said to have been marked by the campaigns of which his pen has so graphically, and almost epically, chronicled the victories and the reverses.

Dr. Russell was born, we believe, in 1822, and now lacks a year of being forty. From Trinity College, Dublin, he was transferred before graduation to Cambridge University, where he obtained his degree, and whence he betook himself to the "Inns of Court," where in due time he exchanged the *toga virilis* for the wig and gown of a barrister-at-law. Human experience, or human prejudice, is apt to measure legal qualifications by the silver hair and the wrinkles of age rather than by the freshness and enthusiasm of youth; and we may presume that to prevent "the horse from starving while the grass was growing," the briefless barrister formed his first connection with Printing-house Square, where he seems to have won his first laurels as "Our Special Correspondent" in a mission to Ireland, for the purpose of verifying some of the Thunderer's strictures upon Mr. O'Connell's statements of the condition of things in his neighborhood. We next find him reporter of the proceedings before the Parliamentary Railway Committees in the apogee of King Hudson's reign—a delicate and ungrateful office for truth and impartiality, which constrained him to perform it without any of those lateral benefits which, not improperly, perhaps, enriched the pockets of many of his confrères. The following year he abandoned the arena of contending railroad routes for the more congenial one of the Court of Queen's Bench, always with a view to his ultimate absorption by the profession he had embraced with zeal and entered not without sacrifices.

After acquitting himself admirably of the duties of law reporter the toga was sacrificed to arms, and he was dispatched to the scene of the Schleswig - Holstein hostilities, where, in his description of the battle of Itzfeldt, he evinced for the first time his photographic power of picturing the movements of armies and the phases of battle. On his return from Holstein we believe that he went on to the *Times* as one of its regular staff of leader writers, and remained there until detailed to the Crimea, whither he accompanied, *via* Malta and Gallipoli, Major-General Brown's division, the foremost of the Allied forces in the march to Sebastopol.

Dr. Russell remained in the Crimea until the end of the war, sharing all the hardships and many of the perils of the soldiery. It was not required of the "*Times* Correspondent" that he should volunteer for the trenches or the rifle-pits, but his glowing descriptions of the battles of Alma and Inkermann, and the evidence of contemporaries, show him to have been in the midst of these engagements. We have heard it said that his letter describing the battle of Alma, which made his first "mark" in England, was written in the field, with ink improvised out of gunpowder, and upon an empty powder-keg.

After the peace Dr. Russell scoured the interior of Russia; and on the following year was dispatched as "Special Correspondent" to recount the majestic ceremonies of the Emperor Alexander's coronation at Moscow. Our readers will remember his glowing description of that semi-Oriental pageant.

Dr. Russell's "Diary in India"—a production entirely distinct from his masterly narrations to the *Times* of Sir Colin Campbell's reconquest of that vast and menaced appendage to the British Crown—has been extensively read in this country.

On his return from the East he engaged in the publication of the *Army and Navy Gazette*, a successful hebdomadal devoted to the contemporaneous history and progress of the English Volunteer movement, and to every new discovery or improvement in the art of war by sea or by land. From his editorial duties and a variety of concurrent literary pursuits, Dr. Russell was detailed by "the Thunderer," to whose service he has never ceased to be attached, to inspect the melancholy political condition of our distracted country, whose shores he reached on the 16th March, and where we find him, at the New York St. Patrick's dinner of the day following, expressing his regret that his presence had too often been like that of the Stormy Petrel, the harbinger of trouble; and his hope that, in the present case, the experience of the past might be falsified, and his pen employed to record the circumstances of a reconciliation so precious, rather than those of a fratricidal war so deplorable, to the feelings and interests of humanity.

In his personal intercourse Dr. Russell unites the charms of experience, genius, and sincerity. A willing controversialist, he rushes into a discussion with the fearlessness of conviction and the generosity of one who feels that he has ideas and knowledge to spare. As an observer, while endowed with a keen relish for enjoyment, nothing seems to escape him.

Mr. Russell arrived in this country about three months since, and after spending a short time in New York and Washington, proceeded to the South. He has by this time made the tour of the Gulf States, and is on his way back to Washington. From Charleston he sends the following curious intelligence, under date of April 30:

"Nothing I could say can be worth one fact which has forced itself upon my mind in reference to the sentiments which prevail among the gentlemen of this State. I have been among them for several days. I have visited their plantations; I have conversed with them freely and fully; and I have enjoyed that frank, courteous, and graceful intercourse which constitutes an irresistible charm of their society. From all quarters have come to my ears the echoes of the same voice; it may be feigned, but there is no discord in the note, and it sounds in wonderful strength and monotony all over the country. Shades of George III., of North, of Johnson, of all who contended against the great rebellion which tore these colonies from England, can you hear the chorus which rings through the State of Marion, Sumter, and Pinckney, and not clap your ghostly hands in triumph? That voice says, 'If we could only get one of the royal race of England to rule over us, we should be content.' Let there be no misconception on this point. That sentiment, varied in a hundred ways, has been repeated to me over and over again. There is a general admission that the means to such an end are wanting, and that the desire can not be gratified. But the admiration for monarchical institutions on the English model, for privileged classes, and for a landed aristocracy and gentry, is undisguised and apparently genuine. With the pride of having achieved their independence is mingled in the South Carolinians' hearts a strange regret at the result and consequences, and many are they who 'would go back to-morrow if we could.'"

In Georgia, it seems, Mr. Russell found less warlike ardor than in little Carolina. He writes, on May 2:

"There is much said concerning 'Our President's' Message; and there is a suddenness of admiration for pacific tendencies which can with difficulty be accounted for, unless the news from the North these last few days has something to do with it. Not a word now about an instant march on Washington! no more threats to seize on Faneuil Hall! The Georgians are by no means so keen as the Carolinians on their border—nay, they are not so belligerent to-day as they were a week ago. Mr. Jefferson Davis's Message is praised for its 'moderation,' and for other qualities which were by no means in such favor while the Sumter fever was at its height. Men look grave, and talk about the interference of England and France, which 'can not allow this thing to go on.' But the change which has come over them is unmistakable, and the best men begin to look grave. As for me, I must prepare to open my lines of retreat—my communications are in danger."

People here generally seem to think that Mr. Russell's letters are more favorable to the South than to the North. His later letters certainly read as though there was a spice of irony in his compliments to the rebels.

WILLIAM H. RUSSELL, LL.D., CORRESPONDENT OF THE LONDON "TIMES."—[From a Drawing by Theodore R. Davis, Esq.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1861.

HOW TO KEEP ENGLAND STRAIGHT.

WE still cling to the hope, that the people of Great Britain will not stultify their own record and alienate our good-will by active sympathy with the Southern rebels. But we are bound to say that, just at present, the press and the speakers of England decidedly lean to the Southern side. Leading journals, from the London *Times* to the *Saturday Review* and *Punch*, either sneer at the North or urge the claims of the rebels to the independence which they pretend to seek; great anti-slavery apostles like Lord Brougham choose this moment for denouncing abolition; the Government adopts a policy which will enable Southern privateers to take prizes into Liverpool and sell them there. Look which way we will, we find no encouragement for a friendly Government struggling to maintain itself against traitors, and not even a word of censure of slavery—so long the object of England's fiercest rebuke.

We shall not undertake to account for the phenomenon. There must be reasons, of course, for such unfriendly conduct toward our Government, and for such gross inconsistency on the slavery question. But it is not worth while for us to seek them. Whether it be the Morrill tariff or the cotton question, or the desire of English politicians to see this country divided, which now impels Englishmen to sympathize with slaveholding traitors, and to aid in the establishment of a nation "based on the corner-stone of human slavery," it is fast becoming idle to inquire. It is high time to deal with the facts as they are, and to see what we can do if, as now seems possible, England's sympathies are actively engaged on the side of our insurgents.

One-fifth of England's foreign trade is carried on with the United States. No nation in the world buys so much of England or sells so much to her as we do. And our trade with England is more profitable to her than her foreign trade with any other nation; for we send her food and raw material, and we buy her manufactures in return. One year with another we take annually from Great Britain $140,000,000 worth of manufactured goods: or, in other words, assuming the usual rule to be correct, the United States spend every year $70,000,000 in encouraging the industry of Great Britain. Of these manufactured goods over one-half comes to this country in British vessels, thus giving employment to an enormous fleet of steamers and sailing craft. We sell to Great Britain, on the average, $175,000,000 worth of domestic produce every year, a large proportion of which is destined for consumption on the continent of Europe. Of this, again, over one-third goes to Europe in British vessels. Our exports to Great Britain consist almost exclusively of articles of prime necessity—cotton, tobacco, flour, corn, provisions, and the like—without which British industry would languish, and the cost of living—to the working classes—would be gravely enhanced.

These simple statements of fact suggest a method of reprisal upon Great Britain which would prove quite as effective and much less inconvenient than a war. An embargo upon trade with England would very quickly bring John Bull to his senses. It would speedily teach the manufacturers of the $140,000,000 of British goods, which we have been in the habit of consuming every year, that sympathy with traitors is an expensive luxury. It would give the Tories—who are gloating over the supposed failure of republican institutions—something more practical, in the shape of factory and bread riots, to occupy their minds with at home. It would warn the free-traders that, bad as the Morrill tariff is, it is a mere trifle to what this country can do if we be driven to the wall.

Such an embargo would either lead to war with England or it would not. If it did not, we should go on exporting food, etc., to France, and buying our manufactured goods from the French; so that, in the course of a year or two, we should build up Havre, Bordeaux, Lyons, and Rouen, as we have built up Liverpool, London, Birmingham, and Manchester. Instead of the French importing from the United States through Liverpool, as they now do, England would then import through Havre.

If the embargo led to war it could not injure us much more than active British sympathy with the rebels would. England has not men enough to effect a landing on our coast. In the Crimean war she could not raise an army of 50,000 men. New York alone could take care of any army she might send out. She would of course blockade many, if not all of our ports. But the same result will practically be reached if privateers are fitted out in England; already our insurance companies have raised the war risk to a point which absorbs the profit of shippers; the amount of shipping laid up has reached a formidable figure, and increases daily. On the other hand, a war with England would this time insure the annexation of Canada—no mean gain to us in view of the future. We might inflict more severe injuries on our antagonist if we secured the alliance of France, or aroused an insurrectionary movement among the Irish or the Chartists. But these are considerations of small moment. The really important point is, that a war with England would not injure us more than such British sympathy with the rebels as is foreshadowed in the Queen's proclamation, the declarations of the Ministry, and the tone of the London press.

It may be said, of course, that we have no control of the cotton crop, and that if Great Britain declared war upon us she would raise our blockade of the Southern ports. It does not need much discernment to perceive that this would be the last cotton crop England would get, or the South would have to export.

The world will bear witness to the tenderness and delicacy with which the Federal Generals are dealing with the peculiar institution. General Butler, deviating from the precedents established by Generals Taylor and Gaines, who set free negroes seized as prisoners of war, offers to restore fugitive slaves to any owner who takes the oath of allegiance; General M'Clellan declares that he will put down servile insurrections "with an iron hand;" General Patterson warns his troops to respect all kinds of "property." The kind of proclamation these Generals would issue to their troops the day after England raised our blockade of the Southern ports and made common cause with the Confederacy "based on the corner-stone of human slavery," will suggest itself to every one who understands human nature.

OUR FOREIGN MINISTERS.

WHY is it that the Government of the United States so often contrives to send the wrong men to represent it abroad? What fatality is it which renders our diplomatic corps so frequently a failure? There are always plenty of good men in the country who are willing to represent the United States abroad; what evil genius is it which contrives to set these systematically aside, and to substitute for them men either unfit, or distasteful, or positively disgraceful?

One might have supposed that the shame and disgrace brought upon the country by the Ostend Manifesto, and the misconduct of Soulé, Sanders, Daniels, etc., would have served as a warning to future Administrations, and that hereafter our Foreign Ministers would have been selected with care. But how does the case stand?

Our minister to France, Mr. Dayton, a highly respectable man, does not speak a word of French. Our minister to Russia, a brave and chivalrous gentleman, and excellently fitted to fight the present battle of the Union in Kentucky, has so little discretion that he can not pass through London without following the time-honored example of vain Americans, and writing a silly letter to the *Times*, which does us infinite mischief. To Austria we send a very good man in his way, but whose chief claim to distinction in foreign politics rests upon the efforts he made to give aid and comfort to a rebellious Austrian province. To Spain—still chafing under the insults put upon her by Mr. Soulé—we send a European exile, a fierce revolutionist, who would have been the very man to lead a squadron of horse in the war, but who can hardly expect a civil reception at the court of Queen Isabella. To the refined and polished court of the Hague we send a sound republican, rough as the hide of a rhinoceros. By way of making a balance, we suppose, a strong democrat, great on matters of taste and dress, goes to represent the republican Administration in commercial Belgium. Our envoy to Portugal turns out to be a rank traitor—at least, so his friends here confess.

It is hardly the part of patriotism to try to embarrass the Government at this juncture, and we will only add that we hope the military offices in the gift of the Administration will be filled with more judgment than the Foreign Missions we have mentioned.

The mischief which an indiscreet or unfit minister may do will counterbalance all the benefit the country may derive from the judicious diplomacy of such men as Adams, Corwin, Marsh, and Webb.

MORE SOUTHERN PICTURES.

WE continue in this number our illustrations of Scenes at the South, though there is no communication either by mail or express with that section of the country. On another page the reader will find an engraving of a BIVOUAC OF CONFEDERATE TROOPS at Warrington, Pensacola, from a photograph taken a few days ago. We venture to promise our readers that the interruption of mail and other intercourse with the Southern States will not prevent our receiving a regular supply of illustrations from thence. Notwithstanding the abuse of Southern journals, we seem to have friends left at the South, who promise to keep us supplied with sketches by smuggling them across the lines. Our late subscribers in that section do not know what they miss in being deprived of *Harper's Weekly*.

THE LOUNGER.

WHY WE TALK ABOUT ENGLAND.

WE all naturally think and say a great deal about the position of England toward us, because she is, of all the great nations in the world, our natural ally. America is the child of England. The child left the ancestral home with indignation and violence, but she is none the less of the same blood, of the same sympathy, of the same hope. The colonies were settled from many countries, but the dominant race and the controlling spirit were the Anglo-Saxon. The breach with the mother country was long in healing. There were jealousies, rivalries, sneers, haughty indifference. But still the glory of England was our glory. Carlyle and Macaulay, Wordsworth and Tennyson, Dickens and Thackeray, they were ours as they were England's, they were ours as the men of no other nation are. Speaking in the aggregate, England may have feared and hated us as a commercial rival—as a power likely to dispute with her the supremacy of the seas; but the best Englishmen and the best Americans met and stood upon a higher ground than that—the ground of common blood, civilization, and destiny.

That the English Government seems so coldly unmindful of this is the sting and surprise. Yet, as we say elsewhere, while the heart and conscience of the two nations have been, upon the whole, in accord, our own Government has doubtless hitherto misrepresented the truest sentiment of our people, and we ought to wait to hear whether the English people confirm the official action of their Government. If there be no correcting public sentiment developed—if it shall finally appear that the nation is truly represented by Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, England will have disdained and lost her most natural and valuable ally.

OUR NATIONAL REPUTATION.

NATIONS, like kings, it seems, have no friends. France came to the rescue of our old revolution, not because she loved the colonies, but because she hated the parent country. And we are now learning, not without some dismay, that, in a threatening moment, the "friendship" of a nation means suspicious neutrality.

Where is that capital story told about "presence of mind?" A Bishop and some friends were sailing in a small boat which was struck by a squall and the Bishop's bosom crony was thrown into the water. He grasped the gunwale to help himself back into the boat. "By Jove!" said the Bishop afterward, "I thought he would capsize us all. But I had, providentially, presence of mind enough to recollect my umbrella, and seizing that, I rapped poor Tom upon the knuckles so hard that he was obliged to let go, and sunk; and we all got very comfortably to shore."

Yet, if we ask ourselves closely what right we had to expect friendship from other nations, we shall be obliged to confess that we had none at all. We may not like to confess it, but we have boasted, and swaggered, and sworn, in the great society of nations, very much as the representatives of our "late Southern brothers" have behaved in Congress. Metaphorically speaking, we have squirted tobacco juice over all the powers of Christendom. Think of the Ostend Manifesto. Remember that the chief signer was our accredited representative in England, and returned to us, after that performance, only to be made President. Think of our Cuba performances; of our conduct in the Peruvian guano difficulty; of our general tone in dealing with small powers, and of the haughtiness with which we have treated large ones. Our very existence was a pang to the monarchical system; and our behavior was offensive. We were regarded as a phenomenon among nations, and the interest of the world in our fate was limited to a languid curiosity as to how soon we should fall into the anarchy prepared for all republics.

The work we have in hand, therefore, is not merely the suppression of a rebellion, but it is to show the world that the characteristic spirit of the American people has been most grossly misrepresented hitherto. The great body of intelligent men in every nation are to learn that the same spirit which has every where belied the country—which through the mouths of our embassadors has placed us in the ridiculous and wicked position of being the only government which professed to be based upon the rights of man, and yet the only one which justified human slavery—is the spirit which, having been plainly exposed to the people of the country, has been expelled from power, and feeling its expulsion to be irrevocable, now seeks to destroy the government since it can no longer control it.

By-and-by enlightened men every where will perceive that it was because we were conscious of the disgraceful position we have been made to hold in the world by the misrepresentations of the anomalous feudal and aristocratic faction which has hitherto adroitly spoken and acted for the United States, that we have now hurled it from the government. And they will see, also, that the faction maintained itself so long only by ingenious appeals to the prejudices and forbearance and love of peace of the great party by means of which it reached and retained power. And they will see further, that the mass of that party in concert with the other great party of the country, has now buried the hatchet beneath the flag, and that both stand shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart, to prove that a popular government can cope triumphantly with the most desperate rebellion, and conquer not only an unprecedented peace at home, but the intelligent and admiring sympathy of all who wish well to mankind.

THE QUESTION OF REBELLION.

REBELLIONS are not necessarily just or unjust. But hitherto, as they have generally been risings of the people against tyranny, they have inspired sympathy in all generous minds. The great rebellion in England was the protest of the English people against the despotic, irresponsible prerogative of the crown. The French Revolution was the despairing struggle of utterly oppressed and outraged human beings. The late risings in Italy, Garibaldi's landing in Sicily, the expulsion of the small Dukes from Tuscany, Modena, and Parma, were all rebellions, because they were movements against established governments; but they are justified by the heart of mankind, because they were struggles against intolerable oppressions, whose consequences were worse than the woes of war.

The insurrection of the slaveholding faction in this country is not criminal because it is a rebellion, but because it is the effort of a faction to overthrow the government of the whole people. It is precisely what a rebellion of the monarchists in Italy would be, after Italy had established a popular government with a constitution providing for its own amendment. Our fathers who undertook the Revolution were rebels; but they rebelled only when lawful redress of grievance was clearly impossible. They took up arms, at first, in defense of the rights of British subjects under the British constitution. James Otis constantly appealed to that constitution. The colonies petitioned the crown under the privileges of that constitution: and only when the positive wrongs they suffered were felt to be irremediable, did they appeal to God and man for the justice of their cause, draw the sword, and boldly take their stand as rebels.

It was not the success of their rebellion that justified it. If the English government had succeeded in quelling it, and Washington, Adams, and Franklin had hung separately, as Franklin jocosely remarked, their rebellion would still have been as noble in its aim as it was complete in its success—the great leaders would have been censured for want of wisdom in exposing a people to the consequences of defeat; but those consequences would have been cheerfully accepted by the people. So if Garibaldi had miscalculated the unanimity of the Sicilians or the power of the Neapolitan government, and had failed a year ago when he touched Sicily with the torch of liberty and it flamed from end to end, he would still have been esteemed in history unfortunate, but not criminal.

Suppose now a successful monarchical reaction in Italy by which the Italians should be again relegated to the despotic rule of their petty princes. Would success be accounted justification? Does History, does the heart of mankind, honor only the successful? If Aaron Burr had divided the country and founded a Mexican empire to dispute with us the continent; if John Andrè had returned safely within the British lines and Benedict Arnold had betrayed the American cause to its overthrow, would our traditions despise them less? Would not History and mankind condemn them all the more?

Concede success to the Davis rebellion, still you can not save it from historical ignominy. The destruction of a great nation upon which hang the hopes of the world, whose government is just and firm, but flexible and mild, whose Constitution provides for the peaceful and equitable remedy of every grievance, and even, indirectly, for its own abrogation, the overthrow of a government ordained by the people of the United States to form a more perfect union, to establish justice, to insure domestic tranquillity, to provide for the common defense, to promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty, by a rebellion of some of those people aiming to establish a government which shall secure the perpetuity of slavery, and who can not truly plead a single injury or a solitary effort at peaceful remedy of their alleged wrongs, would be a misfortune without a parallel in history.

AN OBVIOUS QUESTION.

A POWER friendly to England is engaged in suppressing a rebellion. England says to her: "I don't care in the least whether you put down the rebellion, or the rebellion puts you down. The only thing I care about is cotton, and that I am going to have, anyhow."

Such an attitude is the strongest moral support of the revolt. What is likely to come of it?

In the first place, the rebellion will be prolonged until the time for shipping cotton, in order that England may openly and actively support it. If Jeff Davis is compelled to fall back from Virginia through the Carolinas to Montgomery again, he will not hesitate. He will hold out at any cost, to give England the opportunity to interfere.

But, in the second place, before that time arrives the Government of the United States will undoubtedly say to England:

"You call yourself a friendly ally of ours. We are crushing a rebellion. It survives still, and survives solely upon your sympathy. If you are a friendly power you will no longer encourage treason among our citizens. If you continue to encourage it you are not a friendly power, and we shall act accordingly. In the present situation, with a proper regard to their duty and dignity, the United States can not consent to the so-called neutrality of England."

Such a tone might be taken in no truculent spirit, but as a simple and obvious and justifiable necessity. If Ireland were in open rebellion against the British Government, for whatever cause, and the United States recognized Ireland as a belligerent, it is clear that the rebellion would derive its chief importance and danger from that sympathy. How long before Great Britain would ask the United States to explain its position?

THE WAY TO WAR.

IT is asked how the action of England, in merely recognizing the belligerent rights of the rebellion, can occasion war. The question is very easily answered.

Great Britain has not recognized the independence of the rebellious States. Victoria is not yet

an acknowledged ally of Jefferson Davis. But her Government declares itself neutral, and concedes to him belligerent rights. By the decisions of her courts it is a right of belligerents to take prizes into neutral ports. Great Britain and the United States are at peace. But if a trading or passenger ship sails from Liverpool to New York—two open ports of two friendly nations—she may be seized when twenty miles out by one of Mr. Jeff Davis's privateers, taken back into Liverpool, and held until a prize court sitting in Charleston or Savannah has declared her forfeited to the captors. In the same way a ship sailing from New York or Philadelphia for any English port, may be seized and carried to any British colony, Nassau, for instance, and kept until condemned.

How long are such proceedings possible without war? How long while such things happen will the nation that consents to them call herself an ally of the nation whose commerce she thus helps destroy?

That a great nation should declare herself neutral in a war between two other Powers is to say merely that she is the friend of both. But to recognize the belligerent rights of a party in rebellion against an ally, within its own territory, is to declare against the ally. Can it be that for so desperate a chance as the success of this rebellion Great Britain has deliberately thrown away the friendship of the United States?

A BIT OF HISTORY.

FOUR of the Pennsylvania soldiers now garrisoning Fort Washington upon the Potomac, opposite Mount Vernon, write to the Lounger describing exactly the facts of the first movement of Northern Volunteers. The four are members of the first companies accepted by Governor Curtin. They say:

"Our company, from Lewistown, Mifflin County, called the Logan Guards; the Washington Artillerists from Pottsville; Light Infantry from Pottsville; Reading Artillerists, and Allentown Rifles, were the first companies of volunteers that left the Northern States and marched through Baltimore. We arrived in Harrisburg on Wednesday evening, the 17th of April, and at 7 o'clock on the following morning we were sworn in. At 9 we started for Washington. We reached our destination the same day about 6 o'clock P.M., where we remained until the 30th of April, when we were removed to Fort Washington as a reinforcement. The commandant, Major Joseph A. Haskins, whose skill and bravery were tested at Chepultepec, where he lost an arm, has thoroughly strengthened his position. The 32-pounders are all ready; the furnaces for heating shot are in apple-pie order; the magazines are full; the hand-grenades are ready for use at a moment's notice; the bombs are 'lying around loose;' and the artillerists sleep nightly beneath their guns. It is the intention of the Government to erect a battery on the hill immediately behind the fort. The impression is that we can hold the fort against 20,000 rebels. Fort Washington is sixteen miles below the city, on the Maryland side. Three miles below us, on the Virginia side, we have a splendid view of Mount Vernon, the resting-place of the Father of our Country. We have been kept very busy since we have been here, cutting down trees and hauling brush, digging trenches, mounting cannon, etc. We are now prepared to meet any number of the rebels."

BLOWING HOT AND COLD.

CERTAIN worthy gentlemen in Kentucky and elsewhere are resolved to eat their cake and have it, if the thing can be done. When rebels take up arms to destroy the Government these gentlemen are of opinion that there is a great deal to be said upon both sides, and that the Government and the rebellion are each equally right and wrong. They are very much distressed by the prospect of fighting. Fighting is to be avoided at all hazards. If tears and sobs and sighs and platitudes will be of any service in this emergency, they will furnish any required quantity. If people could only be kept from fighting by surrendering every thing that makes a man truly manly and a Government truly powerful, in the name of quiet and tears let it be surrendered. These sobbing and sighing patriots are not especially anxious that the Government of their country should be maintained; but the one thing they do fervently desire is that, if any body is in danger of being hurt in maintaining it, the defense shall be abandoned.

These gentlemen announce that their States intend to take no part in the war. Suppose that every other State in the Union should do the same thing? The Government of the United States, threatened by a desperate rebellion, calls upon the citizens, in the constitutional and legal method, to defend the Government, and the citizens in each State reply, "No, thank you; we're going to stand off." It would be doing precisely what the people in the rebellious States have done—and the national Government would disappear. The action of these gentry of the Border States is only less noble and more insidious than that of the Cotton States. The latter say, "We are going to overthrow the Government." The former reply, "Very well; we shall not hinder."

In the address to the people of Kentucky, these gentlemen say, "Hold fast to that sheet-anchor of republican liberty, that the will of the majority, constitutionally and legally expressed, must govern." In the address to the people of the United States they say, in effect, "But if the minority will not submit—why then, 'tis very unfortunate, but you must let them have their way."

This is the inevitable and logical conclusion of that movement which, under the name of "Unionism," in our late political history, and its high-priest, Mr. Everett, now confesses it, through fear of traitors, insisted upon pandering to treason, by dividing the ranks of the citizens who were unconditional Union men. Let us learn from the Past. There is no need of recrimination, but we do not grow wiser by forgetting. When there is a debate of vital principle, whether political or not, there are but two sides. You are for it, heart and soul; or you are against it.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A C SONG.

Inscribed to SIGNOR TAMBERLIK *after a hearing of his famous "ut de poitrine."*

THE C! the C! the open C!
That cometh from the chest so free;
'Tis cheering to hear that high clear sound,
How it filleth the house, above, around.
It rings through the stalls, to the pit it flies,
And e'en to the back of the gallery hies.
I love the C, the high chest C,
'Tis a tone above Sims Reeves his B;
It would puzzle Giuglini so high to go,
And it taketh the shine out of Mario.
Though a storm in the chorus and band there be,
What matter their clatter? they ne'er can drown the C!

I love, O how I love to dwell
In thought on the glories of *William Tell*:
Where the shining lake and the silver moon
Seem to harmonize well with each soft sweet tune;
When Tell's voice is heard in that grand tri-o,
And the chorus come trooping from high and low.
I'm fond of Herr Formes' deep bass roar,
But I love the high C more, far more,
As upward it soareth as clear from the chest
As the nightingale's singing to cheer its nest.
And a wonder it always hath been to me,
How a tenor can touch that high chest C.

The vibrato style I hear with scorn,
In nervousness or weak lungs 'twas born:
And I hate the falsetto, although I'm told
That by it Rubini made pecks of gold.
Mere quivers and quavers to me sound mild,
But the high chest C just suits this child;
It stirreth the soul, and it quickens to life
All the pulses that vibrate to love or strife.
I have wealth to spend, I have power to range,
But from *Tell* at the *Garden* I wish no change;
And if Arnold ever should call on me,
I'll get him to sing me his high chest C!

"HARD LINES."—A sympathetic soul says that the poor shareholders who have invested their money in the Atlantic and Red Sea Telegraphs must think them both "extremely hard lines."

A YOUNG LADY ARCHITECTURALLY SURVEYED.

"Well, my boy, how is your courtship in the country getting on?" said Charles to Adolphus, as they were leaning over the rails in the Row at Hyde Park. "Charming, my dear boy, *on ne peut pas mieux*," was the enthusiastic boy's quick answer, "though strange to say, my success is the reverse of that of the Emperor who left his mark, you know, on Rome. My beauty, whom in every sense of the world I may call a capital beauty, when first I knew her, was nothing but marble, but I had not known her three weeks before, I can assure you, I had changed her into a perfect brick." And the youngster laughed over his own folly, as though he had been a practiced wit.

UNFEELING MOCKERY.—Crossing sweepers have a most reprehensible way of insulting misfortune. With your boots already splashed by walking in the dirt, you cross the street where they have swept it, and then they get in the way and touch their hats to you.

ONLY A LETTER BETWEEN 'EM.—The two heroes of G{o/ue}rilla warfare—Garibaldi and Chaillu.

The late census led to some queer scenes. The following is one of them: "Who is the head of this family?" asked an enumerator of an Irishwoman. "That depinds on circumstances," said she. "If it's before eleven o'clock it's me husband; if after eleven it's mesell." "Why this division?" "Because after that hour he's as drunk as a piper, and unable to take care of himself, let alone his family." "What is his age?" "Coming next Michaelmas he will lack a month of being as owld as Finnegan. You know Finnegan?" "No, I don't, and if I did it wouldn't help matters. How many male members have you in the family?" "Niver a one." "What, no boys at all?" "Boys is it? Ah, murther, go home. We have boys enough to whip four loaves before breakfast." "When were you married?" "The day Pat Doyle left Tipperary for Ameriky! Ah! well do I know it. A sunshinier day niver gilded the sky of swate owld Ireland." "What was the condition of your husband before marriage?" "Divil a more miserable. He said if I did not give him a promise within two or three weeks he'd blow his brains out with a crowbar!" "What was he at the time of your marriage—a widower or a bachelor?" "A widower, did you say? Ah! now go away wid your nonsense. Is it the likes of me that would take up with a second-hand husband—a poor devil, all legs and consumption, like a sick turkey? A widower, indade! May I niver be blessed if I'd not rather live an owld maid, and bring up my family on buttermilk and praties."

ADVICE FOR THE GUIDANCE OF HENS DURING THE COLD WEATHER.—*Lay still.*

A Sunday-school teacher, deploring the lack of attendants on his ministrations, appealed to the few present. "What can I do," said he, "to get the boys and girls here?" "I know," said one of the urchins. "What is it?" "Give 'em all sixpence a piece."

A POLITICAL QUESTION.—Has the "tide of events" any thing to do with the "current of public opinion" that is flowing?

The man who was lost in slumber found his way out on a night-mare.

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.—The red cheeks, the white teeth, and blue eyes of a lovely girl are as good a flag as a young soldier, in the battle of life, need fight under.

Why does a coal-barge weigh less than an empty sack? Because, if the one is a *light* weight the other is a *lighter*.

Why are people who sit on free seats not likely to derive much benefit from going to church?—Because they get good for nothing.

A lady consulted St. Francis of Sales on the lawfulness of using rouge. "Why," says he, "some pious men object to it; others see no harm in it; I will hold a middle course, and allow you to use it on *one* cheek."

In some tranquil and apparently amiable natures there are often unsuspected and unfathomable depths of resentment.

When does a farmer act with great rudeness toward his corn?—When he pulls its *ears*.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

FIGHT AT BETHEL, VIRGINIA.

ON the 9th General Butler dispatched a strong force to dislodge the rebels who had gathered at Bethel, on the Yorktown road, about twelve miles from Fortress Monroe. In the darkness a New York Regiment and one from Albany encountering, mistook each other for enemies, and fired upon each other, inflicting some loss. The error having been discovered the force marched upon the rebel batteries; a sharp engagement ensued; the United States troops finding themselves unable, for want of ammunition, to carry the batteries, retreated, carrying with them many prisoners whom they had taken on their advance. Our entire loss is about 75 killed and wounded, among whom is Lieutenant Grebel, of the regulars.

THE BATTERIES TAKEN.

A dispatch to the *Herald*, dated Washington, June 12, 1 A.M., says: "A special messenger arrived an hour since from Fortress Monroe, bringing the intelligence that General Butler proceeded this morning with a large reinforcement to Great Bethel, and after a severe fight captured their batteries, one of seven, and the masked battery of fourteen guns, and also took one thousand rebel prisoners."

THE ADVANCE ON HARPER'S FERRY.

The movement on Harper's Ferry has fairly begun, and will soon be heard of through its results. It includes an advance from three directions upon the Ferry, and is assisted by the checking presence of Generals Butler and M'Dowell in positions where they must prevent the enemy from uniting its scattered forces. General Patterson is advancing from Chambersburg and Hagerstown with 15,000 men. General M'Clellan is advancing from Grafton with 7000 or 8000. And on 10th, three battalions of the District of Columbia militia, together with two Connecticut regiments, one New Hampshire regiment, and the New York Ninth, left Washington, and united at a point three miles above Georgetown, and are advancing to a place known as Edward's Ferry, on the Potomac, half way between Harper's Ferry and Washington.

GENERAL PATTERSON'S PROCLAMATION.

General Patterson has prepared an address for distribution among the troops at Chambersburg. After alluding to the aggressive acts of the rebels, he says: "You must bear in mind you are going for the good of the whole country, and that, while it is your duty to punish sedition, you must protect the loyal, and, should the occasion offer, at once suppress servile insurrection."

A MOVEMENT AT CAIRO.

From Cairo, we learn that General Prentiss sent on Thursday, two companies to Elliot's Mills, Kentucky, ten miles from the former place, where the rebels had established a camp. When the troops reached the spot, however, the enemy had fled—as usual. Colonel Wickliffe called on General Prentiss, and protested, on the part of Kentucky, against the occupation of her soil by Federal troops. The General assured him that he should march in whatever direction, and on whatever soil the Government ordered him to march, and with this reply the rebel emissary was forced to be content.

ANOTHER BRUSH IN THE CHESAPEAKE.

The *Harriet Lane* had a brush last week with one of the rebel batteries at Pig Point, nearly opposite Newport News, the head-quarters of General Butler. She fired fifty shots and some shells at the battery, and was struck by two shots, wounding five of her men—one rather seriously in the leg, and the others slightly.

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF WASHINGTON.

It is said that the breast-works erected by the Federal troops on the Virginia side of the Potomac, in which some of our New York regiments took so brave a part, are of a monstrous kind, and extend for ten miles, from Alexandria to the Chain Bridge, mounted with heavy batteries, a line of defense which renders Washington impregnable, and has enabled the Government to advance so many of the troops recently stationed there in the direction of Harper's Ferry, to carry the contemplated strategic movement in that quarter.

ANOTHER BALTIMORE OUTRAGE.

The Second Michigan Regiment went through Baltimore on 9th. A captain in the regiment states that a brick was thrown at a private of Company G, and that the man who committed the outrage was shot: whether he was killed or not it was not known.

TENNESSEE VOTED OUT OF THE UNION.

The vote in Tennessee last week on the secession question, as far as heard from, shows strongly in favor of secession.

UNION SENTIMENT IN VIRGINIA.

The recent action at Philippi, Virginia, appears to have wrought a change in the secession sentiment in that quarter. There are now about 7000 Federal troops stationed between Grafton and Philippi, and the best feeling existed between them and the people. It is said that a strong Union feeling predominates there. Colonel Kelly is slowly recovering from his wound, though not yet quite out of danger.

DEPLORABLE CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.

A gentleman just arrived at Washington from New Orleans reports that the trade of the South is in a most deplorable condition. He states that Louisiana, Mississippi, and Texas are suffering the most of any of the Southern States. In the latter provisions are becoming so scarce that the people will be in a starving condition when the blockade of New Orleans is complete.

REIGN OF TERROR AT RICHMOND.

The vote in Richmond city on the ordinance of secession, if it shows any thing conclusive, exhibits a complete reign of terror. There were cast in favor of the ordinance 2400 votes and only four against it, and among the greater number must be counted the ballots of the soldiers who are encamped there from all parts of the State. At the Presidential election Richmond cast 5400 votes, without the aid of troops.

COTTON NOT TO COME NORTH BY RAIL.

Gideon J. Pillow, who commands the "seceshers" of Tennessee, has issued general orders forbidding the transportation of cotton Northward out of the State by railroad, or by the Mississippi, Tennessee, or Cumberland River.

THE WHEELING CONVENTION.

The Wheeling Convention met on 11th. It is said to be decided that it will not undertake to separate the western from the eastern portion of the State, but will establish a Provisional Government. The first act will be to depose Governor Letcher and his kindred officers; in his place another Governor will be named, probably General Jackson, of Parkersburg; the Convention will then declare that Eastern Virginia is in rebellion against the General Government, and will call on loyal citizens to aid in sustaining the Union; the Legislature chosen on the 23d of May will be declared the legally-elected body, and Senators will be chosen by this Legislature. It is thought that the Convention will be one of the most imposing popular demonstrations ever made in this country.

CAPTURE OF ARMS.

Colonel Abel Smith, of the 13th New York Regiment, on 10th, captured at Easton, Maryland, one thousand stand of arms, six field-pieces, one sloop, and a quantity of ammunition—the property of the secessionists. A private was accidentally sh[illegible]t whether he was killed is not stated.

LAST WOR[illegible] SENATOR DOUGLAS.

The day before Senat[illegible]las's death he was waited on by the Catholic bishop, whose ministrations, however, were politely but firmly declined by the dying man, who said to him: "Sir, when I desire it, I will communicate with you freely." And on a subsequent occasion, when the bishop asked him if he desired the ceremony of extreme unction to be administered, the reply was: "No; I have no time to discuss these things now." His dying message to his two sons was: "Tell them to obey the laws and support the Constitution of the United States."

PERSONAL.

It is related of Lord Lyons that, promenading with a beautiful American woman a few evenings ago, at the reception of one of the Cabinet Ministers, he remarked upon the splendor of her dress, which was chaste blue silk, brilliantly spangled. "But I observe," he said, "that you display thirty-five stars instead of thirty-four—one too many." "Oh no, my Lord," said the fair patriot, "the additional star is *Canada*."

The Hon. John Cochrane has been authorized to have mustered for immediate service a regiment of infantry, to be commanded by himself as Colonel.

Major-General Banks arrived at Fort M'Henry on 10th, which he will make the head-quarters of his military district. General Cadwallader has proceeded to Frederick to take command there.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL ON OUR CIVIL WAR.

IN the House of Commons, on the 30th of May, Lord John Russell intimated that an Englishman had been forced into the militia service at New Orleans, but that the British Consul there had obtained his release. Other similar circumstances of impressment, he said, had occurred in the Southern States, but they appeared to have been unauthorized, and assurances had been received from the Montgomery Government that they would not sanction such acts.

During his speech he also deprecated the exultation with which Sir John Ramsden had alluded to the bursting of the bubble of democracy in America. In common with the great bulk of his countrymen, he (Russell) was deeply pained at the civil war which had broken out in the United States, and which arose from the *accursed poison of slavery left them by England*, and which had clung around them like a poisoned garment from the first hour of their independence.

PRIVATEERS IN EUROPE.

The English Government has determined to forbid privateers and armed vessels from bringing prizes into British ports, and France was to take a similar position.

ARMS AND MEN-OF-WAR COMING FROM ENGLAND.

Letters have been received from Major-General John C. Frémont, dated in London, stating that he has purchased 10,000 Enfield rifles and several batteries of rifled cannon for the United States Government, which he is waiting for and will bring with him. At present he is delayed until a portion of the rifles are finished. He states, further, that the Commissioners of the Confederate States had instructions to procure several steamers in England for the Montgomery Government, but that there was some difficulty about getting the money; in fact, the needful had not arrived from the South. They succeeded, however, in purchasing two steamers, for which they paid £70,000 ($350,000). These vessels, it appears, are to sail for a Southern port, under the British flag, and registered as the property of British owners, carrying nothing contraband of war, but probably in ballast merely.

FRANCE.

GREAT UNION MEETING OF AMERICANS.

The American citizens in Paris favorable to the Union breakfasted together in the Hotel du Louvre on the 29th of May. About one hundred and fifty attended, one-third being ladies, including the wife of General Scott.

Mr. Cowden presided. A resolution was adopted, pledging the meeting to maintain the Union under any circumstances.

Mr. Dayton said since his arrival in Paris he could detect no unfriendly feeling on the part of France to the United States, and certainly no French citizen would be found among the privateers.

He expressed the conviction that the rebellion would be put down.

Cassius M. Clay spoke at some length. He was energetic on the conduct of England, and the recognition of Southern belligerent rights. He declared if ever the flag of England became associated with the black flag of the South, the Star Spangled Banner of the United States and the tri-color of France would be seen against her, for France had not forgotten St. Helena.

Anson Burlingame spoke on the same subject.

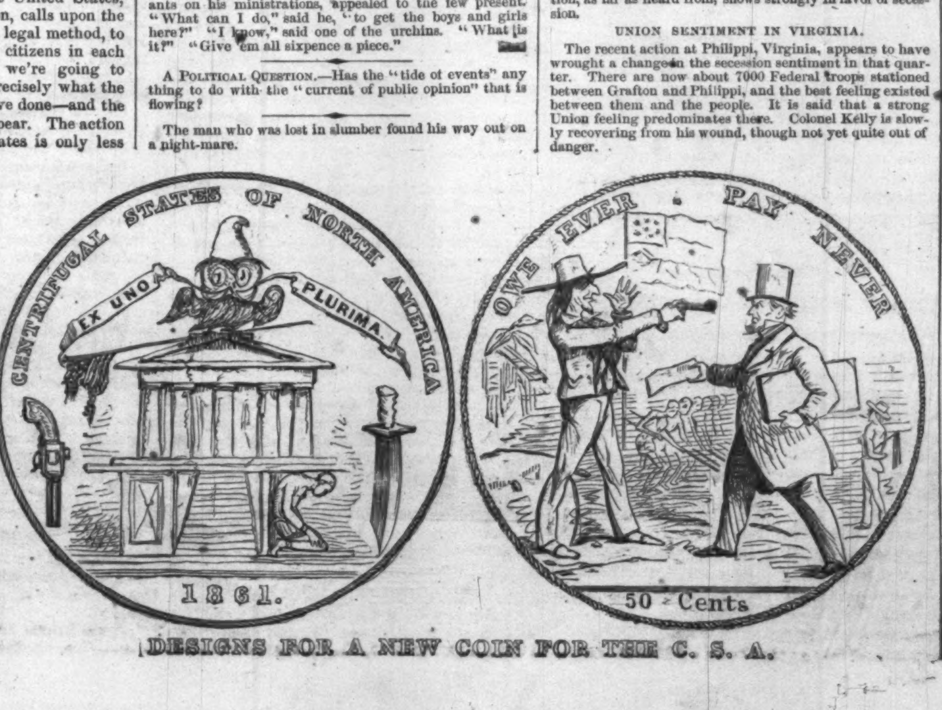
Colonel Frémont was next called on, and was received with enthusiasm. He made quite a moderate speech. He regretted the fanatical war, and could but feel confident that it would end in the triumph of truth and justice. He had been called back to America, and lost no time in responding, and he was ready to give his best services to his country.

Rev. Dr. M'Clintock followed.

He said he did not attach any importance to the mutterings of the English press or of the Secretary of War. The people of England had not yet spoken, and when they did their voice would not be found on the side of piracy and slavery.

Captain Simmons, of the United States Army, on his way home at the summons of General Scott, Mr. Halderman, Minister to Sweden, and Rev. Mr. Thayer also spoke.

All the speakers entertained not the slightest doubt of the final triumph of the North.



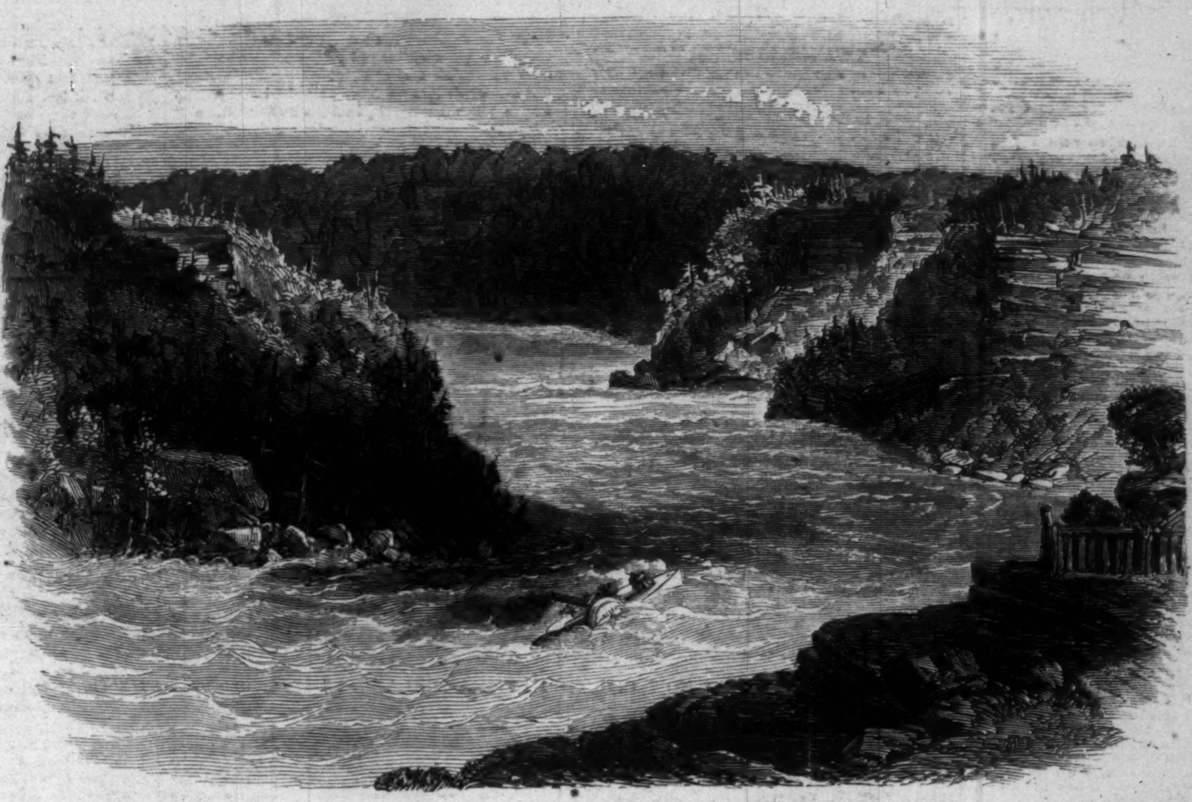
DESIGNS FOR A NEW COIN FOR THE C. S. A.

THE ELEVENTH INDIANA VOLUNTEERS SWEARING TO REMEMBER BUENA VISTA, AT INDIANAPOLIS, MAY, 1861.—Sketched by Mr. James F. Gookins.—[See Page 389.]

REMEMBER BUENA VISTA.

ON page 388 we publish a picture of a most striking scene, which occurred at Indianapolis, in the inclosure surrounding the State Capitol, a few days since. The artist from whose sketch our picture was made, Mr. James F. Gookins, of Company I, 11th Regiment Indiana Volunteers (Zouaves), writes us as follows concerning it:

The Regiment was presented by the ladies of Indiana with a splendid stand of colors, after receiving which the whole Regiment, kneeling, with uplifted right hands, took an oath before God that, with His help, they would not only avenge themselves of the insults cast at the flag of the nation, but furthermore of the contumely and wrong received by the Indiana troops at the hands of Jeff Davis during the war with Mexico. To keep this oath more continually before them they have adopted the motto "Remember Buena Vista!" as their war-cry.



THE "MAID OF THE MIST" SHOOTING THE RAPIDS BELOW NIAGARA FALLS.

ROSS WINANS.

WE publish herewith a portrait of Mr. Ross WINANS, of Baltimore, who was lately arrested on a charge of treason by the Federal troops. Mr. Winans is the head of the great Winans foundery and steamboat-building establishment, and is one of the leading citizens of Baltimore. He has been conspicuous in Europe as the contractor for many of the Russian railways; and made himself prominent in this country during the Crimean war by his expression of Russian sympathies. He is the inventor of the famous cigar-boat, which was illustrated in *Harper's Weekly* in 1858. Mr. Winans is charged with active sympathy with the rebels, though no distinct charge of treason was made against him when he was arrested, and he was consequently released.

HON. ROSS WINANS, OF BALTIMORE.

"MAID OF THE MIST" SHOOTING THE NIAGARA RAPIDS.

WE illustrate herewith, from a sketch kindly sent us from Niagara, the perilous adventure of the far-famed *Maid of the Mist*. The following letter accompanied the sketch:

SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NEW YORK, *June* 6, 1861.

I inclose a sketch of an exciting occurrence which took place here this afternoon. It had been rumored about for some days that the well-known little steamer the *Maid of the Mist* had been sold to a party in Montreal, and would proceed thither *via* the rapids and whirlpool. This was at first looked upon as a good joke, and many were ready to stake their fortunes—firstly, that she would never start; and, secondly, that if she did, she would go to pieces before reaching the whirlpool.

However it leaked out that the attempt was to be made this afternoon, and a good number of the knowing ones were assembled on the bridge and in the vicinity.

Smoke and steam were seen rising, and this looked like earnest, although many still maintained that it was a hoax, and that it was only her first trial trip for the season. However about three o'clock the gallant little vessel shot off from her wharf, up the stream, and as suddenly headed round toward the rapids with a full head of steam on. As she neared them the excitement became intense, especially with those knowing their terrific speed and height. She met them bravely, and the first shock leveled her smoke-stack and shook every timber; but she soon righted, and sped on her way toward the whirlpool amidst the cheers of the crowd; this danger she safely passed, shooting round the bend of the river out of sight.

In a wonderfully short space of time a telegraph was received saying that her brave crew had safely moored her at Queenston. Yours, B.

SENATOR DOUGLAS LYING IN STATE.

WE publish herewith a picture of THE LATE SENATOR DOUGLAS LYING IN STATE AT BRYAN HALL, CHICAGO, from a sketch kindly sent us by A. L. Rawson, of Chicago. The following description of the scene is from the Chicago *Tribune*:

The appearance of the hall did great credit to the Committee. The principal feature was the erection of a large canopy heavily draped with black, relieved with a gilt border and surmounted on the centre peak, and at the four corners by gilt eagles. From the talons of the centre eagle the flag of the Union falls gracefully to the four columns supporting the canopy. At the foot of the coffin stands a broken column, emblematical of life cut off at the midst of promise and greatness; at its head stands a vase of beautifully variegated flowers.

Upon the front of the gallery the portraits of the Presidents, by Healy, are festooned with black and white crape. The gallery itself is decorated with American flags. Around the middle of the stage are four large American flags looped in festoons with crape, in the centre of which hangs a portrait of Judge Douglas, painted by Healy, some fifteen years since. The front of the stage is beautifully ornamented with pots of living flowers from the Cemetery Nursery. The canopy occupies the centre of the hall. The pedestal for the reception of the coffin is dressed in black, ornamented with thirty-four stars, and placed under a canopy of black crape, trimmed with white and relieved with a gilt border, the whole surmounted by an eagle.

Beneath the canopy lay the honored remains, dressed in a full black suit. The entire lid of the burial case being removed, the whole figure was exposed. The hands were crossed upon the breast. The long and painful illness of the deceased had given only slight emaciation. The features were even a little fuller than in life, but their expression was perfectly natural.

The body was embalmed shortly after death by the injection into the arterial system of a strong solution of arsenic, arresting the changes of nature. It will remain unaltered during its exposure at Bryan Hall.

Of the late Senator Douglas's last moments a letter says:

Soon after this, about five o'clock, he desired to have his position in bed changed, the blinds opened, and the windows raised. Mr. Rhodes lifted him to an easier posture, where he could look out upon the street, and drink in the fresh morning air. For a few moments he seemed to gain new life. Then he began to sink away; his eyes partially closed, and in slow and measured cadences, with considerable pause between each accent, he uttered,

"Death!—Death!—Death!"

After this he seemed to revive slightly, and Mr. Rhodes asked him whether he had any message to send to his mother, or sister Sarah, or his boys, Robby and Stevie,' to which he made no reply, evidently not understanding the question. Mrs. Douglas then placed her arm around his neck and said:

"My dear, do you know Cousin Dan?"

"Yes," he replied.

Mrs. Douglas continued:

"Your boys, Robby and Stevie, and your mother and sister Sarah—have you any message for them?"

The dying man replied:

"Tell them to obey the laws and support the Constitution of the United States."

At about five o'clock Dr. Miller came into the room, and, noticing the open shutters and windows, inquired,

"Why have you all these windows raised and so much light?"

Mr. Douglas replied:

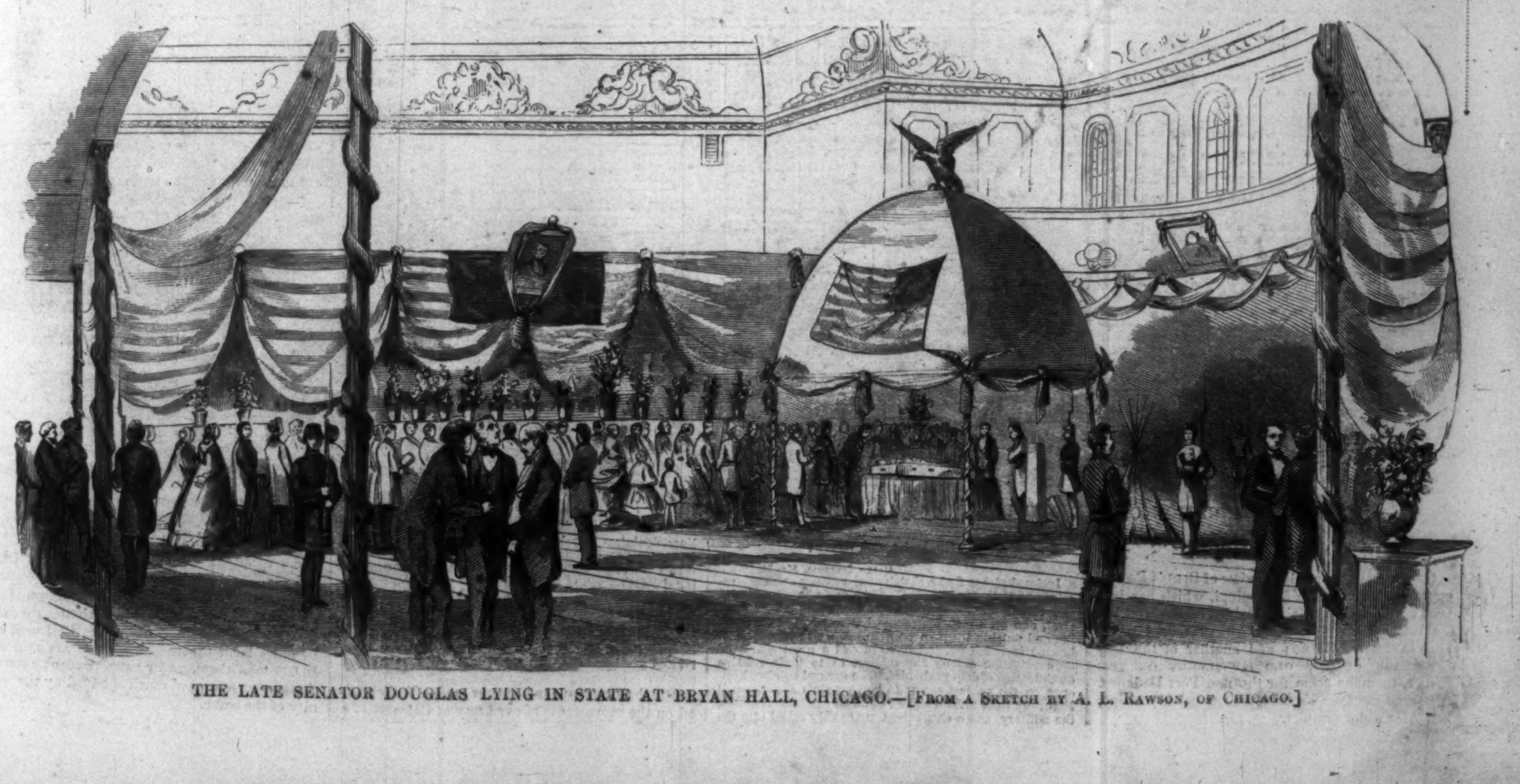
"So that we can have fresh air."

At Mr. Douglas's request, Mr. Rhodes changed the dying man's position again in the bed for the last time. He now lay rather down in the middle of the bed, upon his left side, his head slightly bent forward and off the pillow. His wife sat beside him, holding his right hand in both of hers, and leaning tenderly over him, sobbing. Mr. Rhodes remarked to Mrs. Douglas:

"I am afraid he does not lie comfortable;" in reply to which Mr. Douglas said,

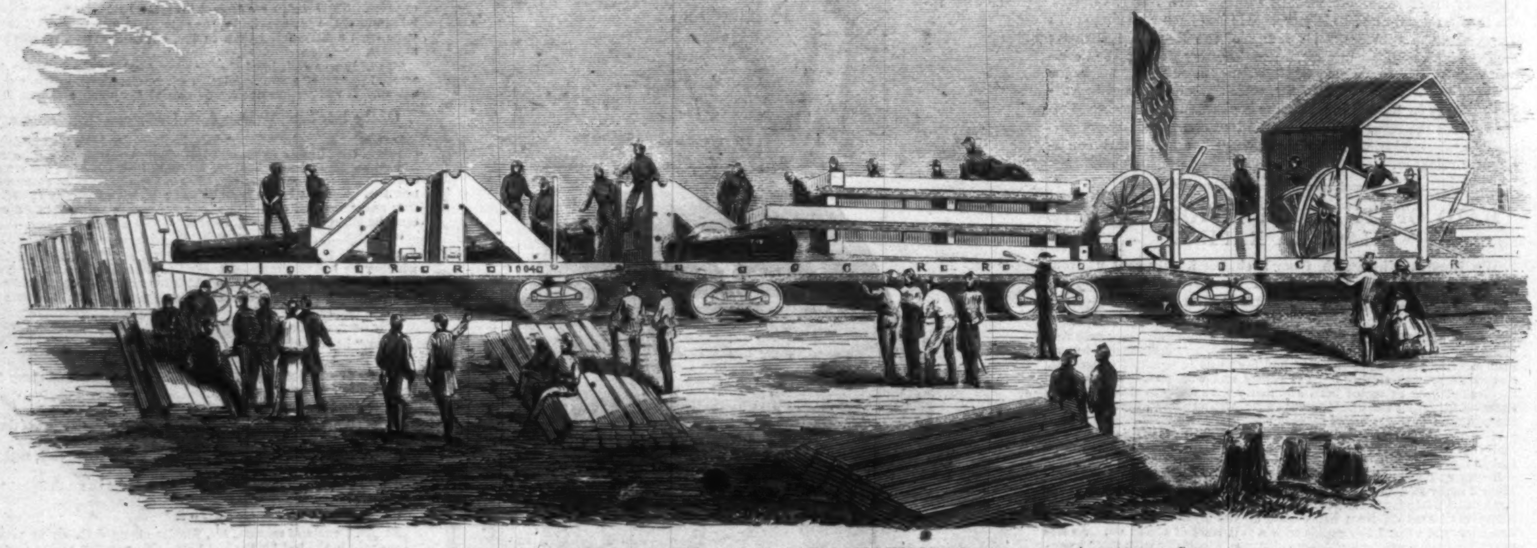
"He is—very comfortable."

These were his last intelligible words. From five o'clock he was speechless, but evidently retained his consciousness. When, a few moments before his death, his wife leaned lovingly over him and sobbingly asked, "Husband, do you know me? will you kiss me?" he raised his eyes and smiled, and though too weak to speak, the movements of the muscles of his mouth evidenced that he was making an almost dying struggle to comply with her request.

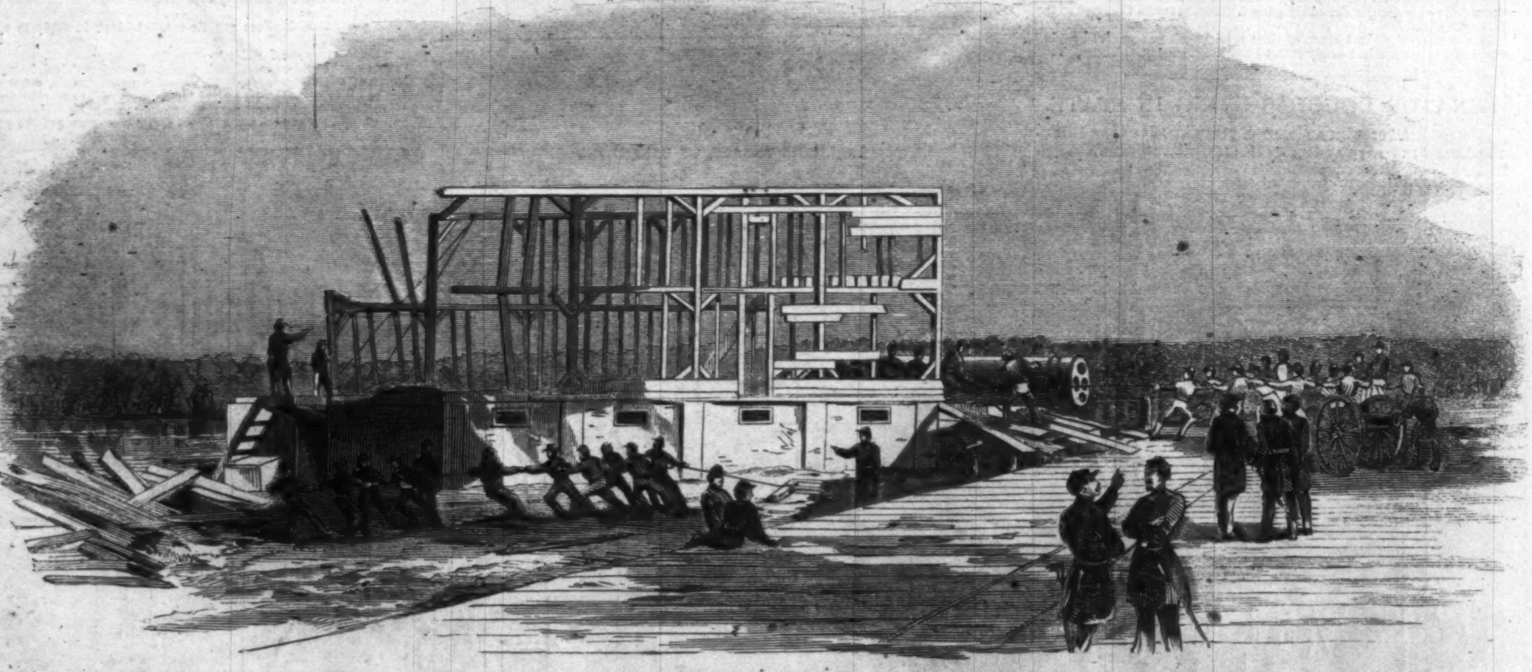


THE LATE SENATOR DOUGLAS LYING IN STATE AT BRYAN HALL, CHICAGO.—[FROM A SKETCH BY A. L. RAWSON, OF CHICAGO.]

BIRD'S POINT, MISSOURI, OPPOSITE CAIRO, NOW OCCUPIED BY MISSOURI TROOPS.—SKETCHED BY ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.



PLACING THE HEAVY ORDNANCE IN POSITION AT CAIRO, ILLINOIS.—SKETCHED BY ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.



DEMOLITION OF THE OLD DISTILLERY AT CAIRO, TO MAKE ROOM FOR FORT DEFIANCE.—SKETCHED BY ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.

OUR CAIRO SKETCHES.

ON this page we publish a view of BIRD'S POINT, opposite Cairo, on the Miss:ssippi, which has just been occupied, and is being fortified by the Missouri Volunteers; a picture of the ARRIVAL OF HEAVY ORDNANCE AT CAIRO; and another of the DESTRUCTION OF THE OLD DISTILLERY ON THE POINT, to make room for the new Fort Defiance. All three are from sketches of our correspondent, Mr. Alexander ›implot.

In sending us the last two he says:

CAIRO, ILLINOIS, *May* 31, 1861.

Inclosed please find a sketch of the heavy ordnance received at Cairo May 28, 1861. The army here have lately received *three* 32-pounders, *three* 24-pounders, a howitzer, and an 8-inch mortar, and were yesterday mounting and putting them in position. They are formidable-looking instruments, and have proved a great source of argumentation among the soldiers as to their relative qualification of doing mischief. The general opinion, however, on the subject seems to be that they are "some." Naturally their arrival caused quite an excitement among the military, and a shout went up as they rolled into the lines, doubtless as noisy as that they are destined to emit from their iron throats.

In connection with this, I send you another representing the demolition of the Distillery on the Point, directly at the confluence of the two rivers. This Point commands the rivers in all directions, and is to be and is now being strongly fortified. The building represented in the sketch interfering with the proposed fortifications, had to be taken down. The soldiers apparently enjoyed the fun amazingly, and working at it with a will, soon razed it with the ground.

We shall continue to keep our readers fully posted on the movements of our army at Cairo.

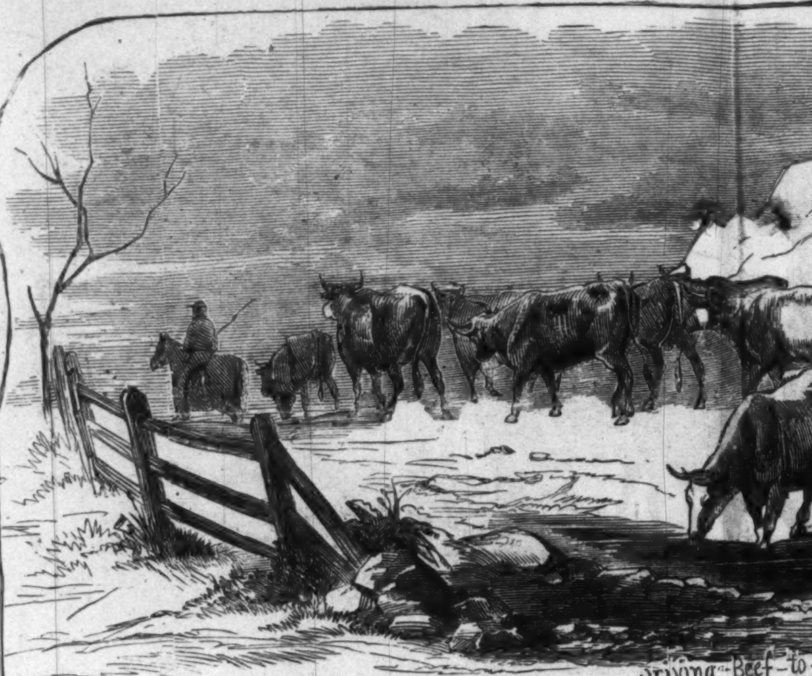
SERVICE AT CAMP DENNISON.

ON page 394 we publish a picture of DIVINE SERVICE AT CAMP DENNISON, OHIO, from a sketch sent us from Cincinnati. Camp Dennison is pleasantly situated among the hills skirting the Miami, on the Cincinnati and Columbus Railroad, about 18 miles from Cincinnati. There are now about 12,000 men there. Our correspondent assures us that the men seemed much subdued by the solemnity of the scene.

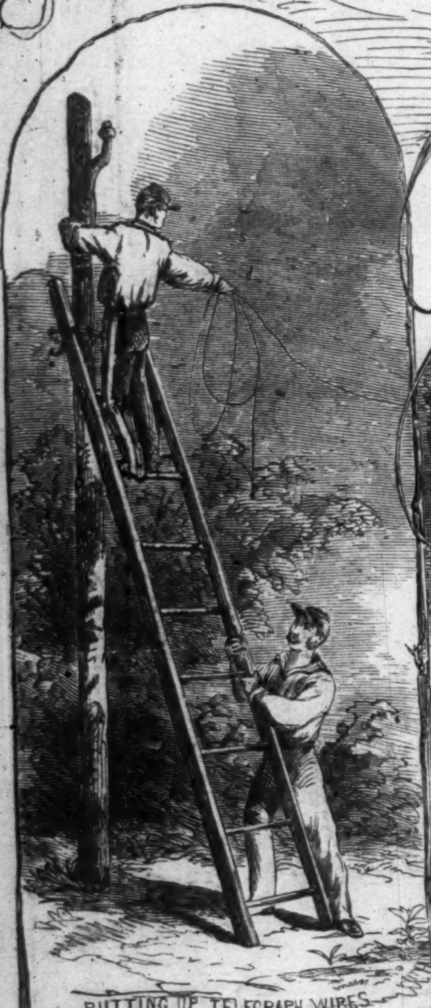
TENTH REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS (NATIONAL ZOUAVES), COLONEL M'CHESNEY COMMANDING, AT THEIR LATE QUARTERS AT SANDY HOOK.—[SEE PAGE 397.]

On the Road between

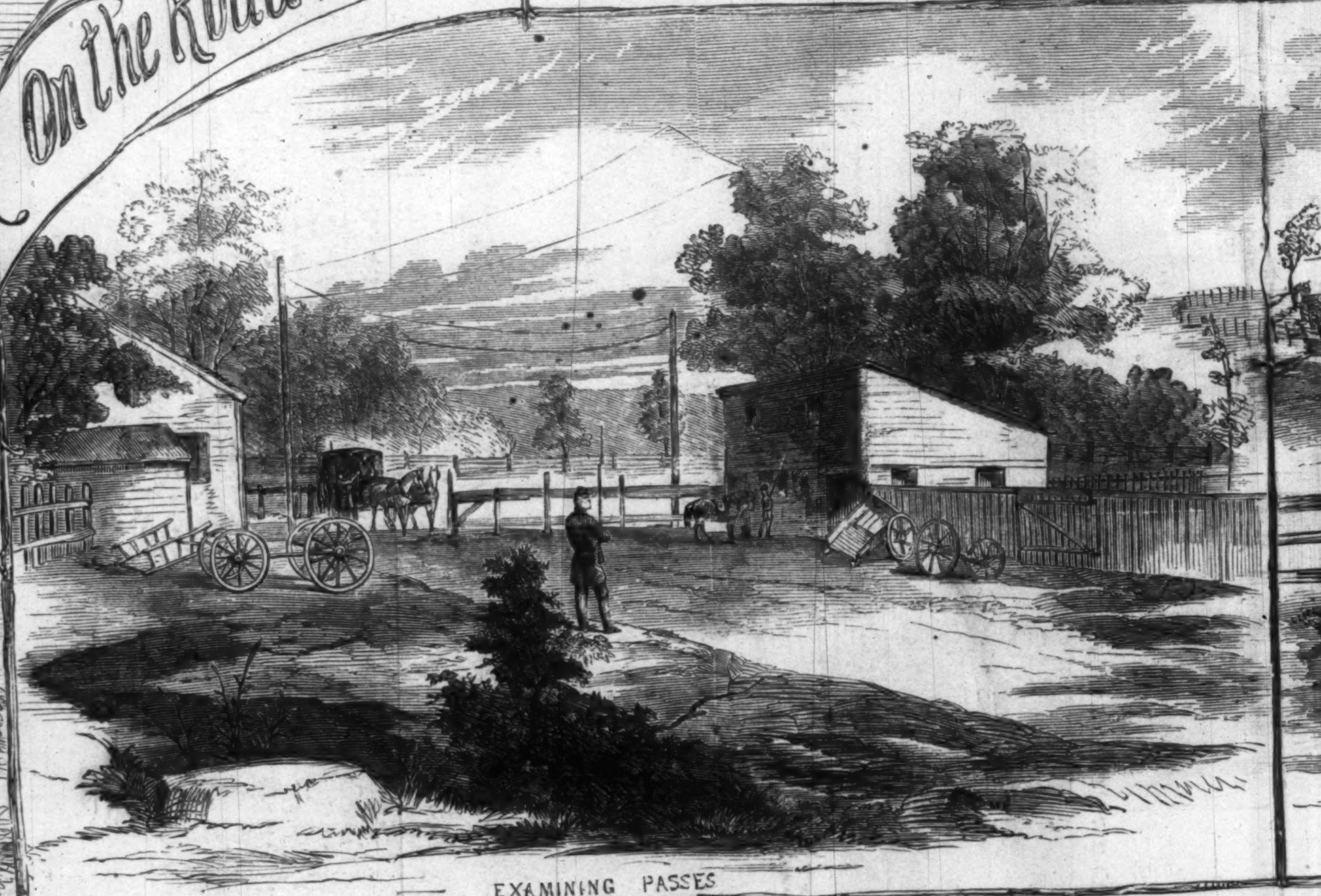
The Lager Bier Wagon



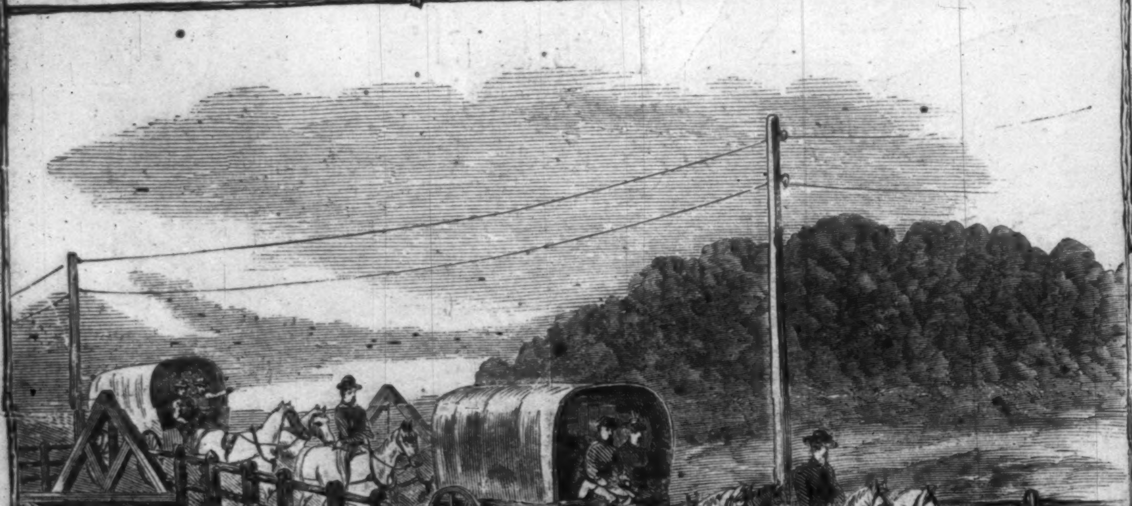
Driving Beef to



PUTTING UP TELEGRAPH WIRES

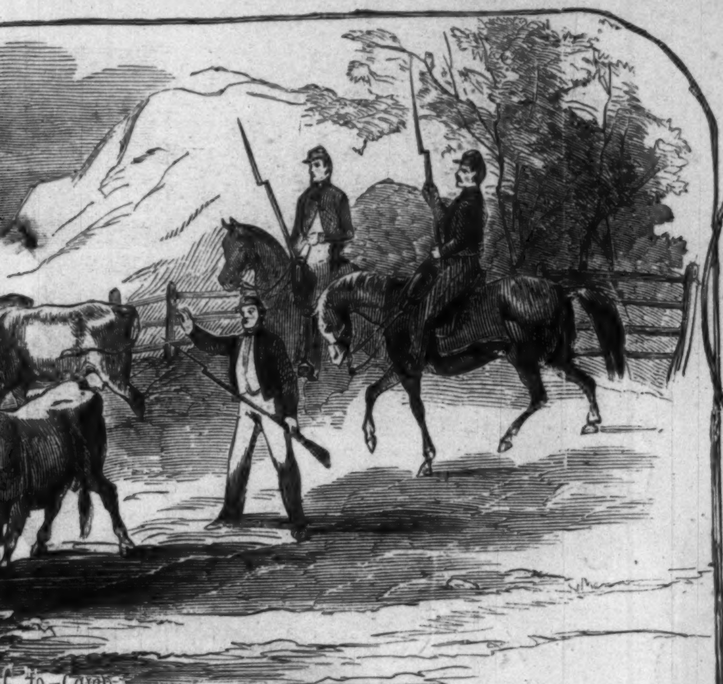


EXAMINING PASSES



CARRYING MILITARY STORES TO CAMP

Arlington House.



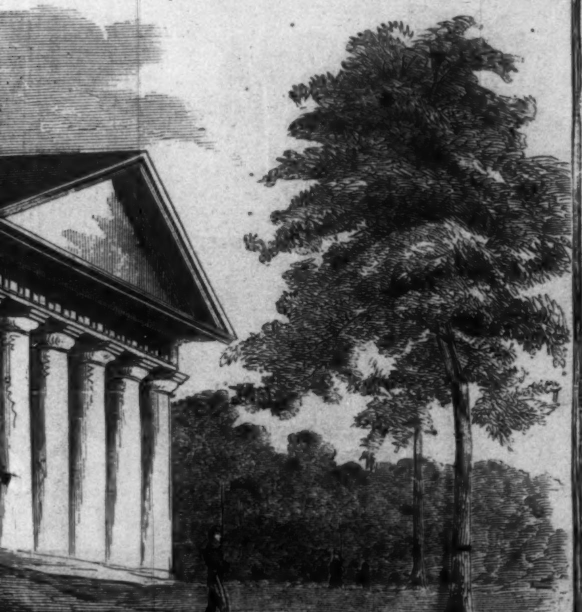
-to-camp

Returning from the trenches

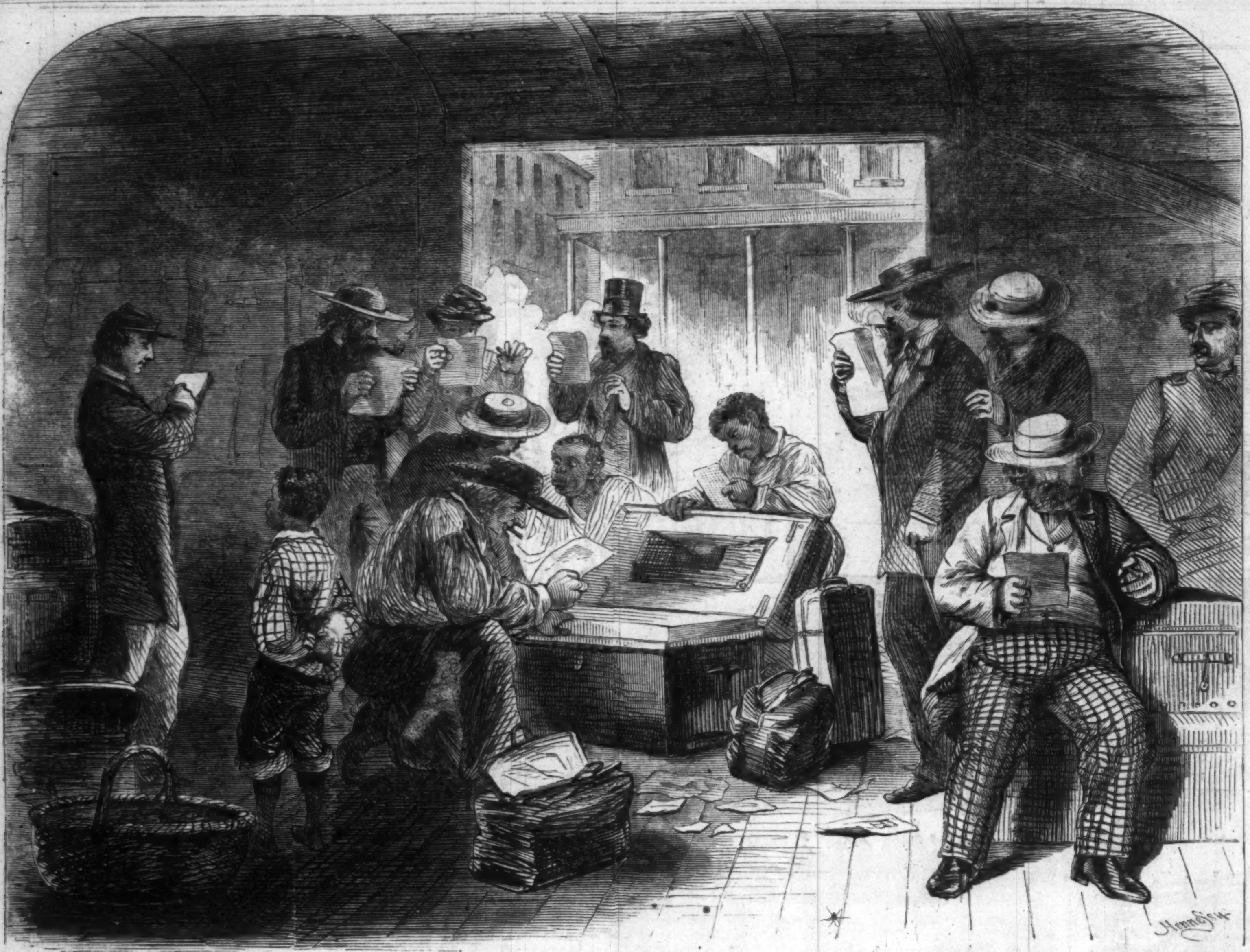
Washington & Alexandria.

Cavalry troop returning to camp

Clearing range for the Artillery

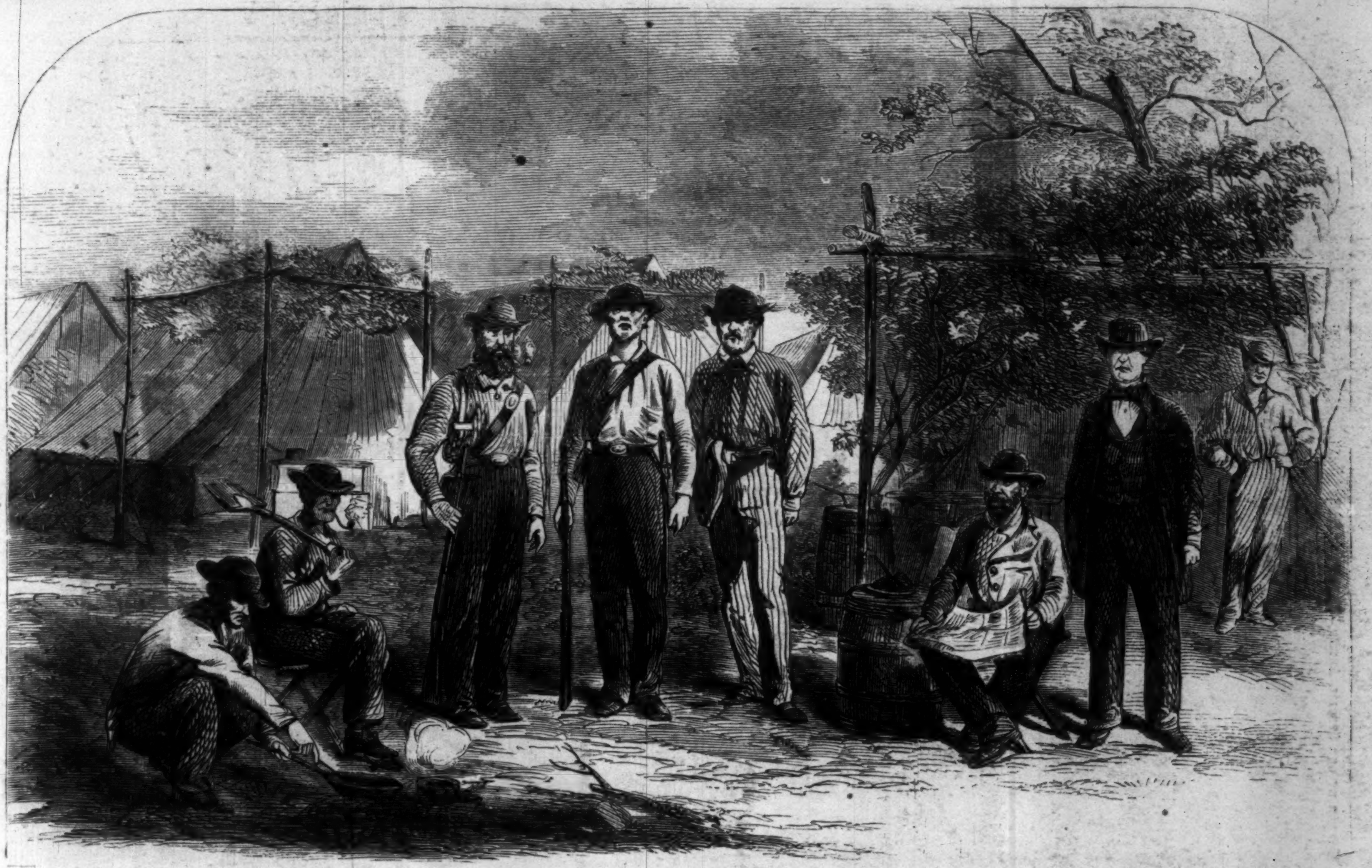


THROWING UP EARTHWORKS.



THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE AT MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, ROBBING OUR SPECIAL ARTIST OF HIS SKETCHES.—[See Page 397.]

DIVINE SERVICE AT CAMP DENNISON, OHIO.—Sketched by Henry Mosler, Esq.—[See Page 390.]



BIVOUAC OF REBEL TROOPS AT GENERAL BRAGG'S CAMP AT WARRINGTON, PENSACOLA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

GENERAL BRAGG'S ENCAMPMENT.

WE continue our series of Fort Pickens pictures with the accompanying view of A BIVOUAC OF CONFEDERATE TROOPS OPPOSITE PICKENS, from a photograph; and a view of the NAVY-YARD AT PENSACOLA, from a sketch by an officer in the Fort. The steamship *Vanderbilt*, which has just been chartered, is now taking in guns and supplies for Fort Pickens. At latest dates there appeared to be very little prospect of a battle at Fort Pickens; our troops were too strong and too well provided to fear any enterprises by General Bragg.

OUR FORTRESS MONROE PICTURES.

WE dispatched a special artist to Fortress Monroe in company with Colonel Allen's Zouaves, and from his sketches we now give, on page 396, a view of THE FORTRESS FROM A VESSEL IN THE BAY, and a view of THE HARBOR FROM FORTRESS MONROE.

Fortress Monroe, the largest fortress, indeed the only work properly entitled to that name in the United States, is now garrisoned by United States Volunteers, and Colonel Dimmick's Regulars. There must be something like 10,000 men in the Fort and encamped in the neighborhood, under Major-General Butler. To the right of the Fortress in our picture will be seen the white tents of Colonel Duryee's and Colonel Carr's Regiments, which have been under canvas since they first landed. The small steamer in the centre of the picture is towing in a prize; the flotilla of oyster boats and other craft in the left of the picture are prizes, as also is the British vessel which has struck her top-gallant masts.

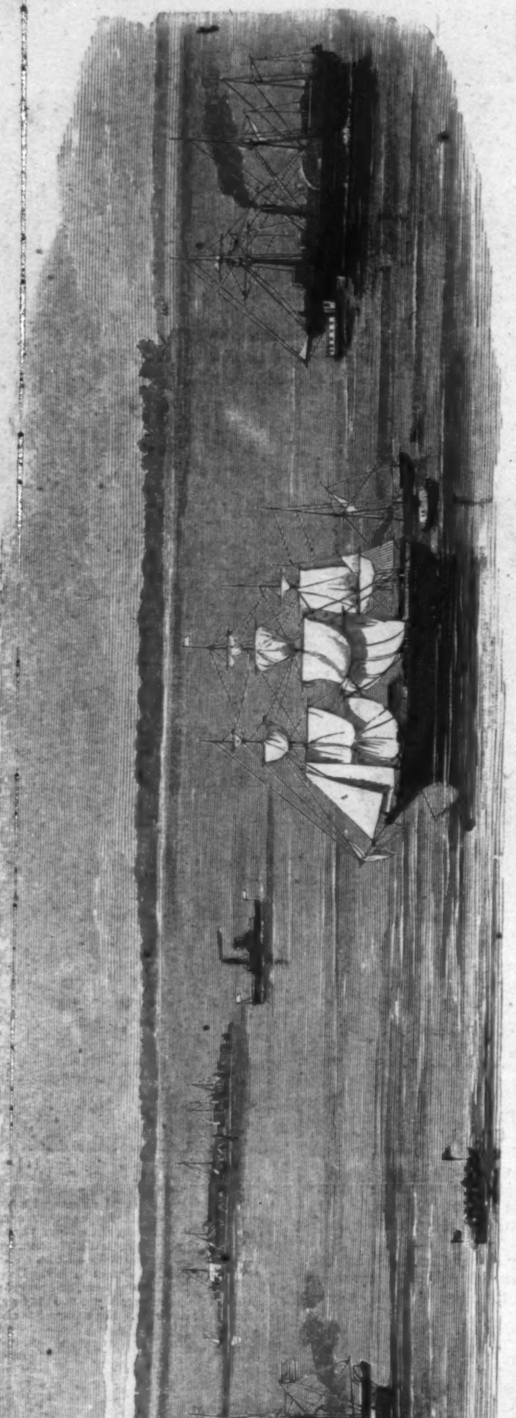
The view of the Bay shows Sewell's Point and the Rip Raps, the former held by some 5000 rebels and strongly fortified; the latter occupied by General Butler.

A FAITHFUL WIFE.

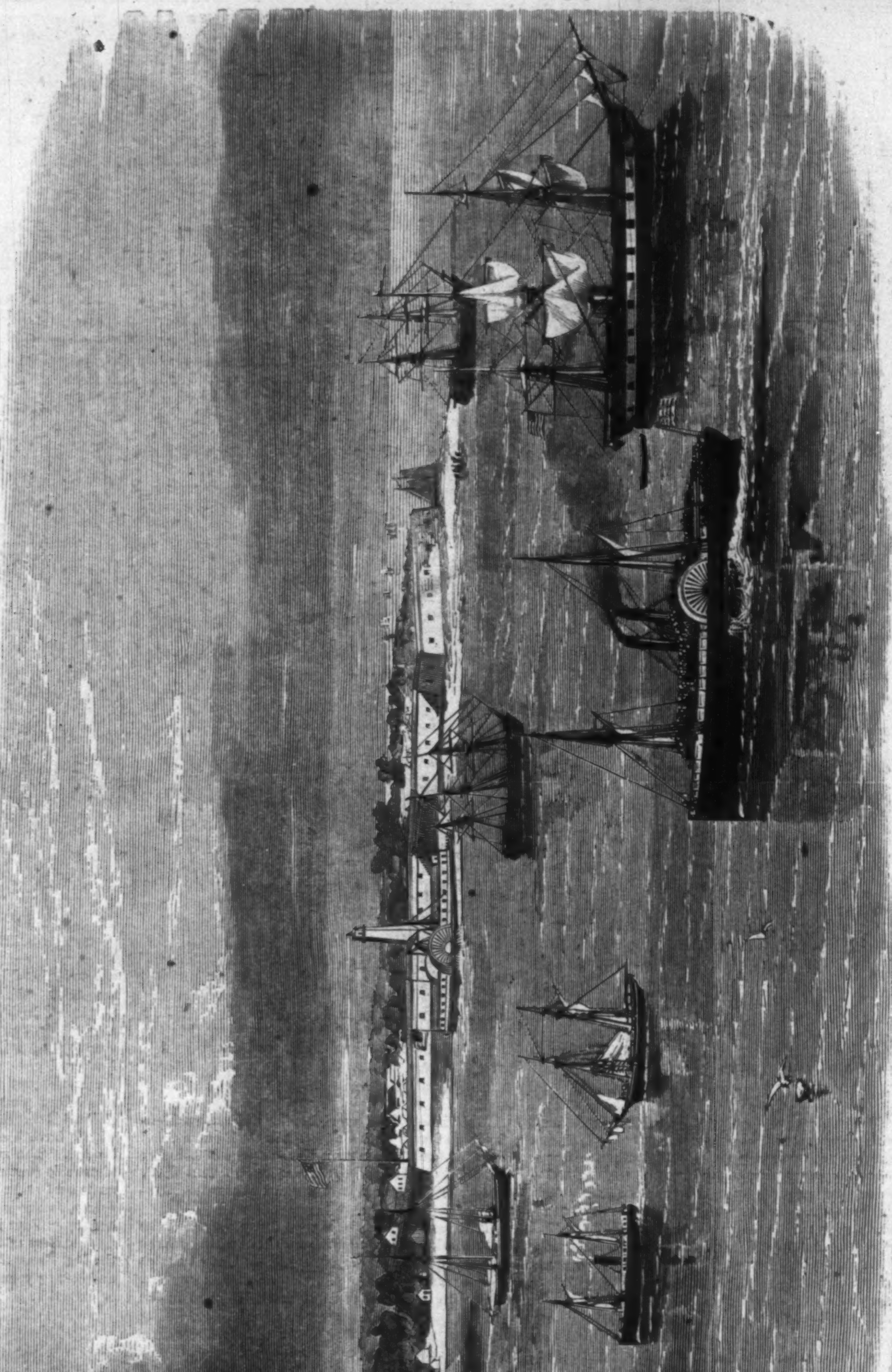
OUR special artist whom we dispatched to Fortress Monroe to sketch the movements of our army in that section, has sent us a sketch which we reproduce on page 397. The subject is best described in our artist's words:

On Wednesday morning I discovered a woman on the upper deck of the steamer in the attitude represented in the sketch. She had been but a short time married, and not willing to part with her husband—a member of Colonel Allen's Zouaves—she had followed him on board. I took the chaplain (Rev. Mr. Jones) to her. He provided her with more comfortable quarters, and reported the case to Col. Allen, who has treated her, as is his way with every one, with great kindness. She now assists about the camp.

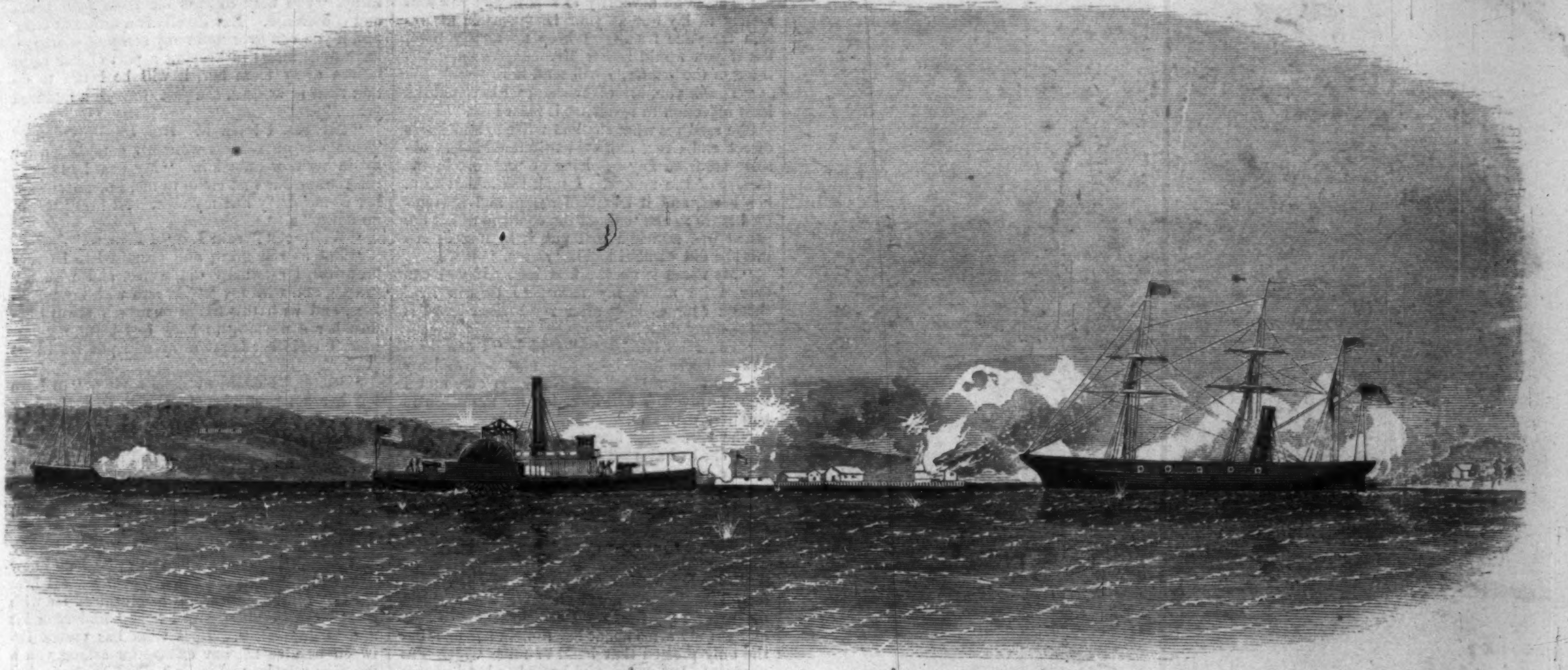
THE NAVY-YARD AT PENSACOLA, AS SEEN FROM FORT PICKENS.—[SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE FORT.]



THE BLOCKADE AT THE MOUTH OF THE CHESAPEAKE.—Sketched from Fortress Monroe by our Special Artist.—[See Page 395.]



VIEW OF FORTRESS MONROE FROM THE BAY.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 395.]



ACTION AT ACQUIA CREEK BETWEEN UNITED STATES VESSELS AND REBEL BATTERIES.—[SKETCHED BY LIEUTENANT CASH DURING THE ACTION.]

BOMBARDMENT OF ACQUIA CREEK.

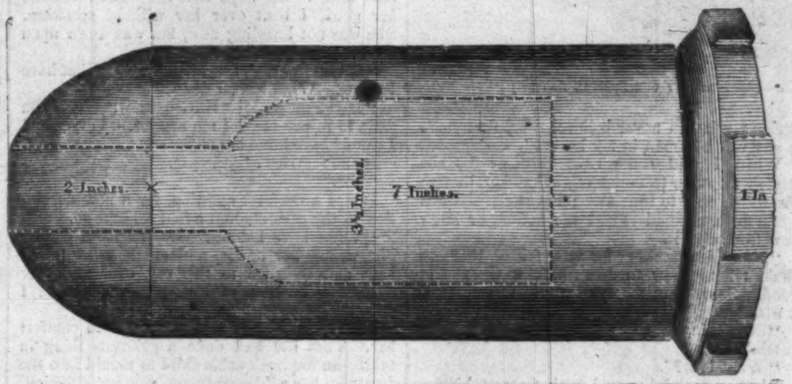
WE publish herewith, from a sketch by Mr. THOMAS M. CASH, of the *Freeborn*, a picture of the recent engagement between the *Pawnee*, *Freeborn*, and the *Anacosta* on one side, and the Acquia Creek batteries on the other. Mr. CASH was engaged in the battle, and his sketch may be relied on. The following account of the battle may serve to explain it:

On Saturday the fight, which was temporarily abandoned for want of ammunition on board the United States vessels on Friday, was resumed at half past eleven o'clock in the morning, and continued until half past four that afternoon without intermission. The guns in the rebel batteries mounted on the heights had been removed to the beach during the previous night, and upon that point the fire of Saturday was directed by the *Freeborn*, *Anacosta*, and *Pawnee*, which hauled inshore, and kept up an incessant fire for five hours, until the men were worn out from fatigue. Captain Ward reports that upward of a thousand shots were fired by the rebel batteries, and that a hundred at least struck on or close around the *Freeborn*, some of them damaging her hull so that she leaked considerably, and some hitting her wheel-house and shaft. The *Pawnee*, too, was struck frequently aloft and below, hurting both hull and rigging. On board the *Anacosta* was a party of twenty-two men of the New York Seventy-first Regiment, under Lieutenant Prendergast, who worked the guns gallantly. Before the firing ceased the battery on shore was silenced, and the rebels were observed flying from the spot. Fearing a landing of the men from the ships, they set fire to the freight dépôt on the pier, which was entirely consumed. Several of the rebels were hurt, but whether fatally or not could not be ascertained. No one was killed on board the vessels, but the firing from the batteries shows that the guns were ably handled.

We publish likewise a fac-simile of a shot which struck the *Thomas Freeborn* in her action with the Acquia Creek batteries on Saturday, June 1. The shot entered the port side about 20 feet from the stern, cut off a deck beam 5 by 7, passed through a heavy knee, tearing it all to pieces, cutting off two ¾-inch iron bolts, and doing various other damage. The cup at the bottom of the shot, which takes the form of the groove of the cannon, is of soft wrought iron. The shot is exactly twice the size of our picture.

With regard to the performance of the *Pawnee*, a letter says:

The *Pawnee* was fought with admirable skill, the perfect coolness of the men and officers, exposed as they always are on shipboard, the rapidity of her fire, stamped her, as far as her *personnel* is concerned, as a first-class fighting ship, ready for any thing. Her exposed machinery and vulnerable points are well known to the enemy, and particularly Lieutenant Simms, who was frequently on board of her in Washington, two months since, and is now at Acquia. This was evident from their fire being directed to her stack, around which are the steam chests, all above deck, and at the forward ends, where there are other points not necessary to mention. The First Lieutenant of the *Pawnee*, Lieut. Lowry, had not forgotten his experience in the old *Spitfire*, and kept her constantly on the move.



FAC-SIMILE OF A SHOT FIRED AT THE "THOMAS FREEBORN" FROM THE ACQUIA CREEK BATTERIES—HALF THE ACTUAL SIZE.

OUR ARTIST OVERHAULED AT MEMPHIS.

OUR artist, Mr. DAVIS, whose name has been brought prominently before the public by Wm. H. RUSSELL, LL.D., of the London *Times*, met with an unpleasant adventure on his return from New Orleans. On his arrival at Memphis, Tennessee, he was waited upon by the Vigilance Committee, who inquired, after the fashion of those bodies, who he was, where he came from, what he was doing, where he was going, and whether he didn't need any hanging. Having obtained answers to these various queries, the Committee then proceeded to inspect Mr. Davis's trunk, which they overhauled with commendable thoroughness. Finding at the bottom of the trunk a number of sketches made for us, they examined them minutely, and each member, by way of remembering Mr. Davis, pocketed two or three of the most striking. As the only revenge Mr. Davis could take on these polite highway robbers, he sketched them in the act of despoiling him, and we reproduce the picture on page 394.

THE NATIONAL ZOUAVES.

ON page 391 we publish a picture of the NATIONAL ZOUAVES (Tenth New York Volunteers), Colonel M'Chesney commanding, at their late quarters on Sandy Hook. This fine body of men, after many vexatious delays, finally left this city, in the *State of Georgia*, for Fortress Monroe, on June 6. The following is a full list of the officers:

Line Officers—Colonel, W. W. M'Chesney; Lieutenant-Colonel, Alexander B. Elder; Major, John W. Marshall; Adjutant, F. M. Patrick; Quarter-master, James Biddle; Assistant-Quarter-master, J. B. Chapman; Surgeon, Dr. J. Lovejoy; Paymaster, Aaron Seeley; Commissary, Marshall B. Shaw; Chaplain, Rev. W. B. Matchett.

Company A—Captain, Frank White; First Lieutenant, Alfred Chamberlain; Ensign, James C. Jones.

Company B—Captain, James Fairman; First Lieutenant, Robert A. Dimick; Ensign, Thomas Cullhane.

Company C—Captain, Thomas J. Louther; First Lieutenant, Wm. Lee Monaghan; Ensign, vacant.

Company D—Captain, Thomas Cloudsley; First Lieutenant, John Minor; Ensign, Volney Wright.

Company E—Captain, John Missing; First Lieutenant, Edgar A. Brown; Ensign, Daniel Finley.

Company F—Captain, S. Winchester; First Lieutenant, Rufus Farnsworth; Ensign, Thomas D. Moscroft.

Company G—Captain, Joseph Newburgh; First Lieutenant, Frank C. Stott; Ensign, Charles Hill.

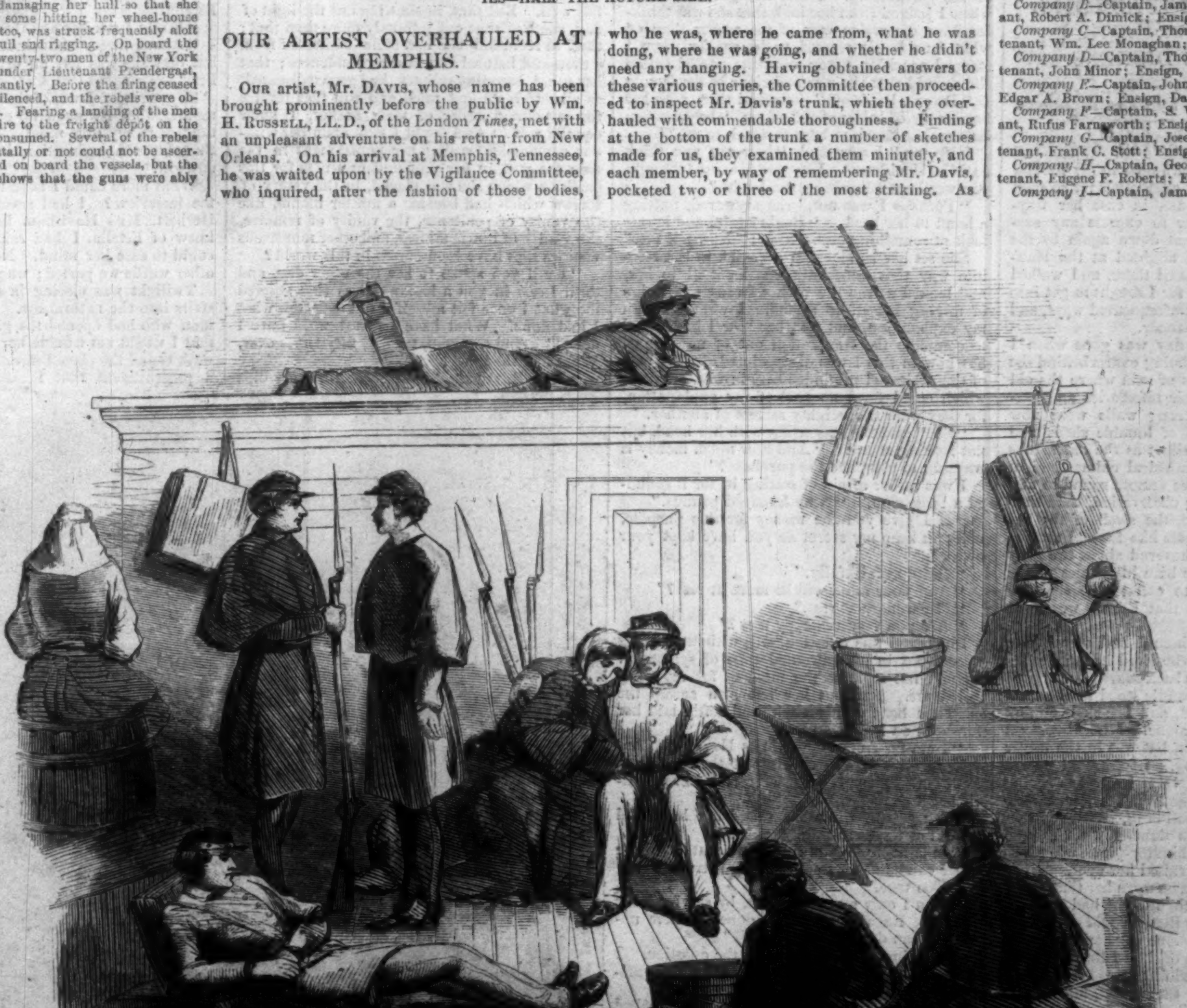
Company H—Captain, George F. Hepper; First Lieutenant, Eugene F. Roberts; Ensign, Theodore H. Rogers.

Company I—Captain, James H. Briggs; First Lieutenant, Thomas Wildes; Ensign, George M. Dewey.

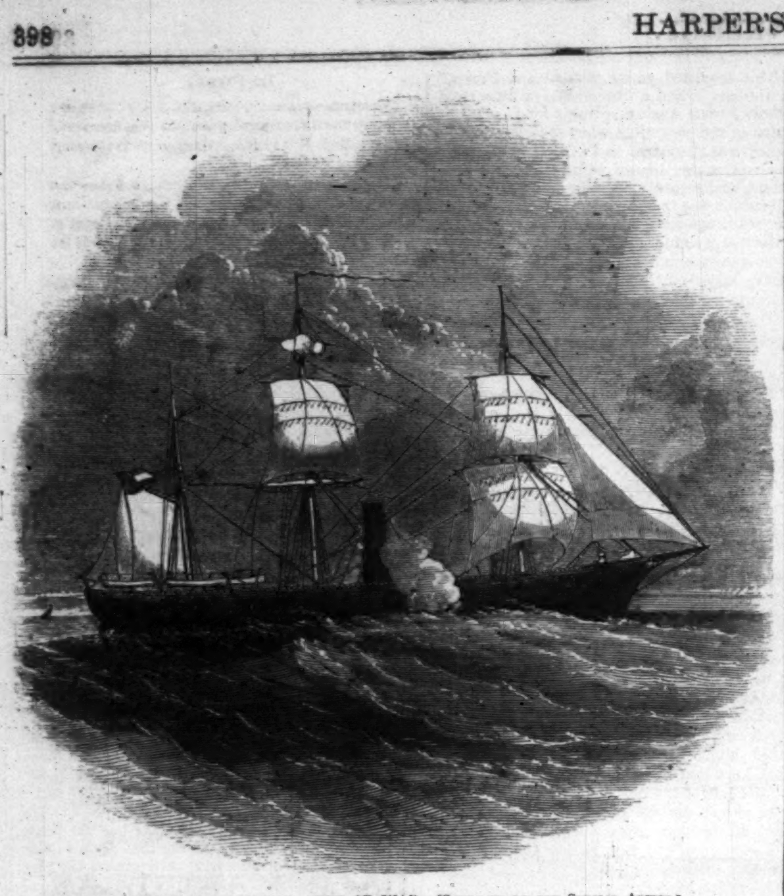
Company J is an engineer corps, in command of Sergeant Wm. H. Johnson, and is, according to regulations, the right flank company of the regiment. This company numbers 80 men.

The encampment on Sandy Hook was thus described by a visitor:

The regiment has been encamped on a small island at the mouth of Shrewsbury River, about thirty miles below the city. The island is a mass of white sand, wholly destitute of vegetation, except a few stunted trees which grow near its centre. A large light-house and three or four frame buildings are erected upon it, and these are now used as barracks for the troops. The air is very pure, coming directly from the sea, and its bracing effects have added much to the health and vigor of the men. The bath facilities are most excellent, and are daily appreciated—both officers and men availing themselves of the opportunity afforded for delightful sea-bathing. As an encampment for the drilling of recruits the place can scarcely be excelled, the only drawback being the sand, which in some places permits them to sink too deep for quick movements. The troops have, however, made great proficiency in marching, manœuvring, combinations, and evolutions. They have not yet been fully supplied with rifles, but by drilling [illegible] squads this imp[illegible] to their progress in [illegible] branch of th[illegible] has been overcom[illegible] uniforms are th[illegible] proved Zouave co[illegible] the jacket and p[illegible]ing of blue pil[illegible], trimmed with red, with vest of the same cloth.



A FAITHFUL WIFE—SCENE ON THE DECK OF A TRANSPORT BOUND FOR FORTRESS MONROE.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 398.]



THE "SUMTER," A REBEL SHIP OF WAR.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

THE "SUMTER."

ABOVE we give a picture of the *Sumter*, a vessel of war belonging to the Southern Confederacy. She is the old *Marques de la Habana* which was captured by our fleet off Vera Cruz in April, 1860, and taken as a prize to New Orleans. We published a picture of her in the *Weekly* at that time. The secessionists have fitted her out, and are using her as a vessel of war. She will probably be caught ere long by one of our cruisers. Our picture is from a sketch by Mr. Davis, who has just returned from the South.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

PUTTING Miss Havisham's note in my pocket, that it might serve as my credentials for so soon reappearing at Satis House, in case her waywardness should lead her to express any surprise at seeing me, I went down again by the coach next day. But I alighted at the Half-way House, and breakfasted there, and walked the rest of the distance; for I sought to get into the town quietly, by the unfrequented ways, and to leave it in the same manner.

The best light of the day was gone when I passed along the quiet echoing courts behind the High Street. The nooks of ruin where the old monks had once had their refectories and gardens, and where the strong walls were now pressed into the service of humble sheds and stables, were almost as silent as the old monks in their graves. The cathedral chimes had at once a sadder and a more remote sound to me, as I hurried on avoiding observation, than they had ever had before; so, the swell of the old organ was borne to my ears like funeral music; and the rooks, as they hovered about the gray tower and swung in the bare high trees of the priory-garden, seemed to call to me that the place was changed, and that Esteila was gone out of it forever.

An elderly woman whom I had seen before as one of the servants who lived in the supplementary house across the back court-yard opened the gate. The lighted candle stood in the dark passage within, as of old, and I took it up and ascended the staircase alone. Miss Havisham was not in her own room, but was in the larger room across the landing. Looking in at the door, after knocking in vain, I saw her sitting on the hearth in a ragged chair, close before, and lost in the contemplation of, the ashy fire.

Doing as I had often done, I went in, and stood, touching the old chimney-piece, where she could see me when she raised her eyes. There was an air of utter loneliness upon her that would have moved me to pity though she had willfully done me a deeper injury than I could charge her with. As I stood compassionating her, and thinking how in the progress of time I too had come to be a part of the wrecked fortunes of that house, her eyes rested on me. She stared, and said in a low voice, "Is it real!"

"It is I, Pip. Mr. Jaggers gave me your note yesterday, and I have lost no time."

"Thank you. Thank you."

As I brought another of the ragged chairs to the hearth and sat down I remarked a new expression on her face, as if she were afraid of me.

"I want," she said, "to pursue that subject you mentioned to me when you were last here, and to show you that I am not all stone. But perhaps you can never believe, now, that there is any thing human in my heart?"

When I said some reassuring words, she stretched out her tremulous right hand, as though she were going to touch me; but she recalled it again before I understood the action, or knew how to receive it.

"You said, speaking for your friend, that you could tell me how to do something useful and good. Something that you would like done, is it not?"

"Something that I would like done, very, very much."

"What is it?"

I began explaining to her that secret history of the partnership. I had not got far into it when I judged from her look that she was thinking in a discursive way of me rather than of what I said. It seemed to be so, for when I stopped speaking many moments passed before she showed that she was conscious of the fact.

"Do you break off," she asked then, with her former air of being afraid of me, "because you hate me too much to bear to speak to me?"

"No, no," I answered, "how can you think so, Miss Havisham! I stopped because I thought you were not following what I said."

"Perhaps I was not," she answered, putting a hand to her head. "Begin again, and let me look at something else. Stay! Now tell me."

She set her hands upon her stick in the resolute way that sometimes was habitual to her, and looked at the fire with a strong expression of forcing herself to attend. I went on with my explanation, and told her how I had hoped to complete the transaction out of my means, but how in this I was disappointed. That part of the subject (I reminded her) involved matters which could form no part of my explanation, for they were the weighty secrets of another.

"So!" said she, assenting with her head, but not looking at me. "And how much money is wanting to complete the purchase?"

I was rather afraid of stating it, for it sounded a large sum. "Nine hundred pounds."

"If I give you the money for this purpose, will you keep my secret as you have kept your own?"

"Quite as faithfully."

"And your mind will be more at rest?"

"Much more at rest."

"Are you very unhappy now?"

She asked this question, still without looking at me, but in an unwonted tone of sympathy. I could not reply at the moment for my voice failed me. She put her left arm across the crutched head of her stick, and softly laid her forehead on it.

"I am far from happy, Miss Havisham; but I have other causes of disquiet than any you know of. They are the secrets I have mentioned."

After a little while she raised her head and looked at the fire again.

"It is noble in you to tell me that you have other causes of unhappiness. Is it true?"

"Too true."

"Can I only serve you, Pip, by serving your friend? Regarding that as done, is there nothing I can do for you yourself?"

"Nothing. I thank you for the question. I thank you even more for the tone of the question. But there is nothing."

She presently rose from her seat, and looked about the blighted room for the means of writing. There were none there, and she took from her pocket a yellow set of ivory tablets, mounted in tarnished gold, and wrote upon them with a pencil in a case of tarnished gold that hung from her neck.

"You are still on friendly terms with Mr. Jaggers?"

"Quite. I dined with him yesterday."

"This is an authority to him to pay you that money to lay out at your irresponsible discretion for your friend. I keep no money here, but if you would rather Mr. Jaggers knew nothing of the matter, I will send it to you."

"Thank you, Miss Havisham; I have not the least objection to receiving it from him."

She read me what she had written, and it was direct and clear, and evidently intended to absolve me from any suspicion of profiting by the receipt of the money. I took the tablets from her hand, and it trembled again, and it trembled more as she took off the chain to which the pencil was attached and put it in mine. All this she did without looking at me.

"My name is on the first leaf. If you can ever write under my name, 'I forgive her,' though ever so long after my broken heart is dust—pray do it!"

"Oh, Miss Havisham," said I, "I can do it now. There have been sore mistakes, and my life has been a blind and thankless one, and I want forgiveness and direction far too much to be bitter with you."

She turned her face to me for the first time since she had averted it, and, to my amazement, I may even add to my terror, dropped on her knees at my feet, with her folded hands raised to me in the manner in which, when her poor heart was young and fresh and whole, they must often have been raised to Heaven from her mother's side.

To see her with her white hair and her worn face kneeling at my feet, gave me a shock through all my frame. I entreated her to rise, and got my arms about her to help her up; but she only pressed that hand of mine which was nearest to her grasp, and hung her head over it and wept. I had never seen her shed a tear before, and, in the hope that the relief might do her good, I bent over her without speaking. She was not kneeling now, but was down upon the ground.

"Oh!" she cried, despairingly. "What have I done! What have I done!"

"If you mean, Miss Havisham, what have you done to injure me, let me answer. Very little. I should have loved her under any circumstances.—Is she married?"

"Yes."

It was a needless question, for a new desolation in the desolate house had told me so.

"What have I done! What have I done!" She wrung her hands, and crushed her white hair, and returned to this cry, over and over again. "What have I done! What have I done!"

I knew not how to answer, or how to comfort her. That she had done a grievous thing in taking an impressionable child to mould into the form that her wild resentment, spurned affection, and wounded pride found vengeance in, I knew full well. But that, in shutting out the light of day, she had shut out infinitely more than that; that, in seclusion, she had secluded herself from a thousand natural and healing influences; that her mind, brooding solitary, had grown diseased, as all minds do and must and will that reverse the appointed order of their Maker, I knew equally well. And could I look upon her without compassion, seeing her punishment in the ruin she was, in her profound unfitness for this earth on which she was placed, in the vanity of sorrow which had become a master mania, like the vanity of penitence, the vanity of remorse, the vanity of unworthiness, and other monstrous vanities that have been curses in this world?

"Until you spoke to her the other day, and until I saw in you a looking-glass that showed me what I once felt myself, I did not know what I had done. What have I done! what have I done!" And so again, twenty, fifty times over, What had she done!

"Miss Havisham," I said, when her cry died away, "you may dismiss me from your mind and conscience. But Estella is a different case, and if you can ever undo any scrap of what you have done amiss in keeping a part of her right nature away from her, it will be better to do that than to bemoan the past through a hundred years."

"Yes, yes, I know it. But, Pip—my dear!" There was an earnest womanly compassion for me in her new affection. "My dear! Believe this: when she first came to me, I meant to save her from misery like my own. At first I meant no more."

"Well, well!" said I. "I hope so."

"But as she grew, and promised to be very beautiful, I gradually did worse, and with my praises, and with my jewels, and with my teachings, and with this figure of myself always before her a warning to back and point my lessons, I stole her heart away and put ice in its place."

"Better," I could not help saying, "to have left her a natural heart, even to be bruised or broken."

With that Miss Havisham looked distractedly at me for a while and then burst out again, What had she done!

"If you knew all my story," she pleaded, "you would have some compassion for me and a better understanding of me."

"Miss Havisham," I answered, as delicately as I could, "I believe I may say that I do know your story, and have known it ever since I first left this neighborhood. It has inspired me with great commiseration, and I hope I understand it and its influences. Does what has passed between us give me any excuse for asking you a question relative to Estella? Not as she is, but as she was when she first came here?"

She was seated on the ground, with her arms on the ragged chair, and her head leaning on them. She looked full at me when I said this, and replied, "Go on."

"Whose child was Estella?"

She shook her head.

"You don't know?"

She shook her head again.

"But Mr. Jaggers brought her here, or sent her here?"

"Brought her here."

"Will you tell me how that came about?"

She answered in a low whisper and with great caution: "I had been shut up in these rooms a long time (I don't know how long; you know what time the clocks keep here), when I told him that I wanted a little girl to rear and save from my fate. I had first seen him when I sent for him to lay this place waste for me; having read of him in the newspapers, before I and the world parted. He told me that he would look about him for such an orphan child. One night he brought her here asleep, and I called her Estella."

"Might I ask her age then?"

"About three. She herself knows nothing, but that she was left an orphan and I adopted her."

So convinced I was of that woman's being her mother, that I wanted no evidence to establish the fact in my own mind. But to any mind, I thought, the connection here was clear and straight.

What more could I hope to do by prolonging the interview? I had succeeded on behalf of Herbert, Miss Havisham had told me all she knew of Estella, I had said and done what I could to ease her mind. No matter with what other words we parted; we parted.

Twilight was closing in when I went down stairs into the natural air. I called to the woman who had opened the gate when I entered that I would not trouble her just yet, but would walk round the place before leaving. For I had a presentiment that I should never be there

"I SAW HER RUNNING AT ME, SHRIEKING, WITH A WHIRL OF FIRE BLAZING ALL ABOUT HER," ETC.

again, and I felt that the dying light was suited to my last view of it.

By the wilderness of casks that I had walked on long ago, and on which the rain of years had fallen since, rotting them in many places, and leaving minature swamps and pools of water upon those that stood on end, I made my way to the ruined garden. I went all round it; round by the corner where Herbert and I had fought our battle; round by the paths where Estella and I had walked. So cold, so lonely, so dreary all!

Taking the brewery on my way back, I raised the rusty latch of a little door at the garden end of it, and walked through. I was going out at the opposite door—not easy to open now, for the damp wood had started and swelled, and the hinges were yielding, and the threshold was encumbered with a growth of fungus—when I turned my head to look back. A childish association revived with wonderful force in the moment of the slight action, and I fancied that I saw Miss Havisham hanging to the beam. So strong was the impression that I stood under the beam shuddering from head to foot before I knew it was a fancy—though to be sure I was there in an instant.

The mournfulness of the place and time, and the great terror of this illusion, though it was but momentary, caused me to feel an indescribable awe as I came out between the open wooden gates where I had once wrung my hair after Estella had wrung my heart. Passing on into the front court-yard, I hesitated whether to call the woman to let me out at the locked gate of which she had the key, or first to go up stairs and assure myself that Miss Havisham was as safe and well as I had left her. I took the latter course and went up.

I looked into the room where I had left her, and I saw her seated in the ragged chair upon the hearth close to the fire, with her back toward me. In the moment when I was withdrawing my head to go quietly away I saw a great flaming light spring up. In the same moment I saw her running at me, shrieking, with a whirl of fire blazing all about her, and soaring at least as many feet above her head as she was high.

I had a double-caped great-coat on, and over my arm another thick coat. That I got them off, closed with her, threw her down, and got them over her; that I dragged the great cloth from the table for the same purpose, and with it dragged down the heap of rottenness in the midst, and all the ugly things that sheltered there; that we were on the ground struggling madly like desperate enemies, and that the closer I covered her the more wildly she shrieked and tried to free herself; that this occurred I knew through the result, but not through any thing I felt, or thought, or knew I did. I knew nothing until I knew that we were on the floor by the great table, and that patches of tinder yet alight were floating in the smoky air, which, a moment ago, had been her faded bridal dress.

Then I looked round and saw the disturbed beetles and spiders running away over the floor, and the servants coming in with breathless cries at the door. I still held her forcibly down with all my strength, like a prisoner who might escape; and I doubt if I even knew who she was, or why we had struggled, or that she had been in flames, or that the flames were out, until I saw the patches of tinder that had been her garments no longer alight but falling in a black shower around us.

She was insensible, and I was afraid to have her moved or even touched. Assistance was sent for, and I held her until it came, as if I unreasonably fancied (I think I did) that if I let her go the fire would break out again and consume her. When I got up, on the surgeon's coming to her with other aid, I was astonished to see that both my hands were burned; for I had no knowledge of it through the sense of feeling.

On examination it was pronounced that she had received serious hurts, but that they of themselves were far from hopeless; the danger lay, however, mainly in the nervous shock. By the surgeon's directions her bed was carried into that room and laid upon the great table, which happened to be well suited to the dressing of her injuries. When I saw her again, an hour afterward, she lay indeed where I had seen her strike her stick, and heard her say that she would lie one day.

Though every vestige of her dress was burned, as they told me, she still had something of her old ghastly bridal appearance; for they had covered her to the throat with white cotton-wool, and as she lay with a white sheet loosely overlying that, the phantom air of something that had been and was changed was still upon her.

I found, on questioning the servants, that Estella was in Paris, and I got a promise from the surgeon that he would write to her by the next post. Miss Havisham's family I took upon myself; intending to communicate with Mr. Matthew Pocket only, and leave him to do as he liked about informing the rest. This I did next day, through Herbert, as soon as I returned to town.

There was a stage that evening when she spoke collectedly of what had happened, though with a certain terrible vivacity. Toward midnight she began to wander in her speech, and after that it gradually set in that she said innumerable times in a low, solemn voice, "What have I done! What have I done!" And then, "When she first came, I meant to save her from misery like mine." And then, "Take the pencil and write under my name, 'I forgive her!'" She never changed the order of these three sentences, but she sometimes left out a word in one or other of them; never putting in another word, but always leaving a blank, and going on to the next word.

As I could do no service there, and as I had, nearer home, that pressing reason for anxiety and fear which even her wanderings could not drive out of my mind, I decided in the course of the night that I would return by the early morning coach: walking on a mile or so, and being taken up clear of the town. At about six o'clock in the morning, therefore, I leaned over her and touched her lips with mine, just as they said, not stopping for being touched, "Take the pencil and write under my name, 'I forgive her.'"

It was the first and the last time that I ever touched her in that way. And I never saw her more.

CHAPTER XLIX.

My hands had been dressed twice or thrice in the night, and again in the morning. My left arm was a good deal burned to the elbow, and less severely as high as the shoulder; it was very painful, but the flames had set in that direction, and I felt thankful it was no worse. My right hand was not so badly burned but that I could move the fingers. It was bandaged, of course, but much less inconveniently than my left hand and arm; those I carried in a sling; and I could only wear my coat like a cloak, loose over my shoulders and fastened at the neck. My hair had been caught by the fire, but not my head or face.

When Herbert had been down to Hammersmith and seen his father, he came back to me at our chambers, and devoted the day to attending on me. He was the kindest of nurses, and at stated times took off the bandages, and steeped them in the cooling liquid that was kept ready, and put them on again with a patient tenderness that I was deeply grateful for.

At first, as I lay quiet on the sofa, I found it painfully difficult, I might say impossible, to get rid of the impression of the glare of the flames, their hurry and noise, and the fierce burning smell. If I dozed for a minute, I was awakened by Miss Havisham's cries, and by her running at me with all that height of fire above her head. This pain of the mind was much harder to strive against than any bodily pain I suffered; and Herbert, seeing that, did his utmost to hold my attention engaged.

Neither of us spoke of the boat, but we both thought of it. That was made apparent by our avoidance of the subject, and by our agreeing—without agreement—to make my recovery of the use of my hands a question of so many hours, not of so many weeks.

My first question when I saw Herbert had been, of course, whether all was well down the river? As he replied in the affirmative, with perfect confidence and cheerfulness, we did not resume the subject until the day was wearing away. But then, as Herbert changed the bandages, more by the light of the fire than by the outer light, he went back to it spontaneously.

"I sat with Provis last night, Handel, two good hours."

"Where was Clara?"

"Dear little thing!" said Herbert. "She was up and down with Gruffandgrim all the evening. He was perpetually pegging at the floor the moment she left his sight. I doubt if he can hold out long, though. What with rum and pepper—and pepper and rum—I should think his pegging must be nearly over."

"And then you will be married, Herbert?"

"How can I take care of the dear child otherwise?—Lay your arm out upon the back of the sofa, my dear boy, and I'll sit down here, and get the bandage off so gradually that you shall not know when it comes. I was speaking of Provis. Do you know, Handel, he improves?"

"I said to you I thought he was softened when I last saw him."

"So you did. And so he is. He was very communicative last night, and told me more of his life. You remember his breaking off here about some woman that he had had great trouble with.—Did I hurt you?"

I had started, but not under his touch. His words had given me a start.

"I had forgotten that, Herbert, but I remember it now you speak of it."

"Well! He went into that part of his life, and a dark, wild part it is. Shall I tell you? Or would it worry you just now?"

"Tell me by all means. Every word!"

Herbert bent forward to look at me more nearly, as if my reply had been rather more hurried or more eager than he could quite account for. "Your head is cool?" he said, touching it.

"Quite," said I. "Tell me what Provis said, my dear Herbert."

"It seems," said Herbert, "—there's a bandage off most charmingly, and now comes the cool one—makes you shrink at first, my poor dear fellow, don't it? but it will be comfortable presently—it seems that the woman was a young woman, and a jealous woman, and a revengeful woman; revengeful, Handel, to the last degree."

"To what last degree?"

"Murder.—Does it strike too cold on that sensitive place?"

"I don't feel it. How did she murder? Whom did she murder?"

"Why, the deed may not have merited quite so terrible a name," said Herbert, "but she was tried for it, and Jaggers defended her, and the reputation of that defense first made his name known to Provis. It was another and a stronger woman who was the victim, and there had been a struggle—in a barn. Who began it, or how fair it was, or how unfair, may be doubtful; but how it ended is certainly not doubtful, for the victim was found throttled."

"Was the woman brought in guilty?"

"No; she was acquitted.—My poor Handel, I hurt you!"

"It is impossible to be gentler, Herbert. Yes? What else?"

"This acquitted young woman and Provis," said Herbert, "had a little child: a little child of whom Provis was exceedingly fond. On the evening of the very night when the object of her jealousy was strangled, as I tell you, the young woman presented herself before Provis for one moment, and swore that she would destroy the child (which was in her possession) and he should never see it again; then she vanished.—There's the worst arm comfortably in the sling once more, and now there remains but the right hand, which is a far easier job. I can do it better by this light than by a stronger, for my hand is steadiest when I don't see the poor blistered patches too distinctly.—You don't think your breathing is affected, my dear boy? You seem to breathe quickly."

"Perhaps I do, Herbert. Did the woman keep her oath?"

"There comes the darkest part of Provis's life. She did."

"That is, he says she did."

"Why, of course, my dear boy," returned Herbert, in a tone of surprise, and again bending forward to get a nearer look at me. "He says it all. I have no other information."

"No, to be sure."

"Now, whether," pursued Herbert, "he had used the child's mother ill, or whether he had used the child's mother well, Provis doesn't say; but she had shared some four or five years of the wretched life he described to us at this fireside, and he seems to have felt pity for her, and forbearance toward her. Therefore, fearing he should be called upon to depose about this destroyed child, and so be the cause of her death, he hid himself (much as he grieved for the child), kept himself dark, as he says, out of the way and out of the trial, and was only vaguely talked of as a certain man called Abel, out of whom the jealousy arose. After the acquittal she disappeared, and thus he lost the child and the child's mother."

"I want to ask—"

"A moment, my dear boy," said Herbert, "and I have done. That evil Compeyson, the worst of scoundrels among many scoundrels, knowing of his keeping out of the way at that time, and of his reasons for doing so, of course afterward held the knowledge over his head as a means of keeping him poorer, and working him harder. It was clear last night that this barbed the point of Provis's hatred."

"I want to know," said I, "and particularly, Herbert, whether he told you when this happened?"

"Particularly? Let me remember, then, what he said as to that. His expression was, 'a round score o' year ago, and a'most directly after I took up wi' Compeyson.' How old were you when you came upon him in the little churchyard?"

"I think in my seventh year."

"Ay. It had happened about four years then, he said, and you brought into his mind the little girl so tragically lost, who would have been your age."

"Herbert," said I, after a short silence, in a hurried way, "can you see me best by the light of the window, or the light of the fire?"

"By the fire-light," answered Herbert, coming close again.

"Look at me."

"I do look at you, my dear boy."

"Touch me."

"I do touch you, my dear boy."

"You are not afraid that I am in any fever, or that my head is much disordered by the accident of last night?"

"N-no, my dear boy," said Herbert, after taking time to examine me.' "You are rather excited, but you are quite yourself."

"I know I am quite myself. And the man we have in hiding down the river is Estella's Father."

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